NAVY S.E.A.L.

(REVISED) SEPTEMBER 18, 1989

1 EXT. - EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Close on a huge United States battle flag flapping magnificently in the wind...

Pull back and down the main rig to a massive aircraft carrier where a Navy Sea King helicopter floats upward from the deck...

Pull back again to an expansive panorama of a carrier battle group. The various warships, frigates and support craft front a glowing reddish sky...

FRIGHTENED VOICE (RADIO V.O.)
This is tanker 'Kuwaiti Star', mayday, mayday, mayday.

1A INT. - AIRCRAFT CARRIER RADIO ROOM - DAY 1A(X)

A young American sailor (SHEPHERD) with a businesslike but relaxed voice goes over and speaks into a microphone.

SHEPHERD
Uh, Kuwaiti Star, this is United States warship Yankee Bravo. Uh, what's your situation -- over.

2 SHIMMERING BANDS OF BLUE GREEN UNDULATE ACROSS THE SCREEN 2

A high pitched turbine whine and the WOP-WOP of helicopter blades decibels higher as the camera, tilting upward, reveals the blue green bands to be water rushing by a few hundred feet below...

TANKER RADIOMAN
We have been attacked, we have five wounded, very bad, please come now!

Now a 2nd twanging American radio VOICE (PILOT) is heard:

CHOPPER PILOT (V.O.)
Uh, roger Kuwaiti Star, this is United States Navy Helo...Approaching your position ...We have you in sight, uh, stand by...over, uh...break.

2A EXT - MEDITERRANEAN - LATE AFTERNOON 2A

A vast expanse of water stretches out filling the bottom half of the screen; the top half is crystal blue sky. The only irregularity in this perfect symmetry is a thin column of smoke winding up behind the edge of the horizon.

2A CONTINUED: 2A

CHOPPER PILOT (O.S.)
Yankee Bravo, this is Nightingale One Six. We've got visual contact on smoke Two Seven Zero at 15 miles. Have established radio communication. ETA five minutes.

SHEPHERD (O.S.)
Roger, One Six, continue inbound Be careful.

CHOPPER PILOT
Yankee Bravo One Six, Wilco.

The plume of smoke grows larger as sea rapidly whooshes by underneath.

3 EXT. - SKY ABOVE THE GULF - LATE AFTERNOON 3

A big U.S. Navy Sikorsky Sea King helicopter cruises a few hundred feet over the gulf, orange bands on the fuselage marked One Six...

4 INT - HELICOPTER COCKPIT - LATE AFTERNOON 4

We HEAR the muffled whine of engine and prop from the cockpit of the chopper and through the canopy we can SEE the tanker's billowing black smoke rising from the gulf below. The PILOT pulls closer to the tanker now, still speaking into his mike:

CHOPPER PILOT
Yankee Bravo, this is Nightingale One Six. I have radio and visual contact with the tanker, uh bearing two-zero-niner, range five miles, it is on fire and adrift, uh---over.

SHEPHERD (V.O.)
Uh, roger, One Six, stand by till gunship is enroute to your sector -- over.

The pilot hesitates for a moment, raises his visor, and turns to his CO-PILOT and a Navy DIVER, and the young medical CORPSMAN crouched by the door winch. A beat, then the crewman nod back to him. The Pilot hits his mike:

CHOPPER PILOT
Uh, Yankee Bravo, can't wait, they have five criticals, uh, request permission to go in.

4 CONTINUED: 4.

SHEPHERD (V.O.)
"Uh, roger, One Six, watch yourself."

CHOPPER PILOT
Kuwaiti Star, stand by, we're coming in your port side.

TANKER RADIOMAN (V.O.)
"Yes, thank you, thank you..."

The Pilot banks left and heads the chopper down toward the weather side of the tanker. Suddenly:

TANKER RADIOMAN (V.O.)
"Look out, look out, speedboat in my port beam!"

The Co-Pilot points o.s. where 200 yards to the leeward, a GUNBOAT pulls out from the cover of smoke in the tanker's wake. The Pilot hits his mike:

CHOPPER PILOT
Unidentified gunboat, I am a United States Navy helicopter here to take off wounded from the tanker. I am unarmed and in international waters, uh, what are your intentions -- over.

Suddenly an RPG round WHIZZES past the canopy followed by TRACER FIRE from the speedboat's heavy machine gun. Now dialogue and radio traffic start to get jumbled together, getting more and more agitated.

CO-PILOT
Jee-zus Christ, they're shooting at us!

CHOPPER PILOT
Yankee Bravo, we're taking fire, gun-fire from an...

SHEPHERD (V.O.)
"Nightingale One Six, get out of there..."

CHOPPER PILOT
Gunboat, cease fire, cease fire, we are non-combatants...

Suddenly, inside the cockpit, bullets start ripping through the walls exploding fragments everywhere. Three bursts tear through the divers chest propelling him back into the fuselage.

4 CONTINUED: 4

CORPSMAN
Webb's hit!

As the corpsman rushes back to the diver, a bullet rips into his shoulder, slamming his body against the bulwark...

The Pilot strains against the collective as the chopper starts to yaw, already losing altitude.

CHOPPER PILOT
They got our tail rotor...

SHEPHERD
(V.O.)
"Come in, One Six..."

Now the chopper is dropping rapidly, the ocean below getting bigger and bigger...

CHOPPER PILOT
Can't hold it! We're gonna have to ditch! Yankee Bravo, this is One Six...

SHEPHERD
(V.O.)
One Six, come in. One Six, this is Yankee Bravo, come in...

Pause. Silence.

CUT TO:

4A INT - AIRCRAFT CARRIER RADIO ROOM - DAY 4A(X)

SHEPHERD
Nightingale One Six. This is warship Yankee Bravo. Come in...

Still no answer.

CUT TO:

5 INT - NOISY, DIMLY LIT BAR - DAY 5(X)

On hands clenched tightly around a paper back book entitled THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT POWERS. A cacophony of raucous sounds reverberates in the background as we move up from the hands to Chief Petty Officer WILLIAN "BILLY" GRAHAM's taut, terror stricken face. Late 20's, soft spoken and strong, (at least in the field) he is dressed, uncomfortably, in a tuxedo. He pushes his empty glass towards the bartender.

5 CONTINUED: 5

GRAHAM
Give me another. My mouth feels like I could grow cactus in it, Lieutenant... I... I just don't think I can go through with this.

LT. JAMES J. CURRAN leans into the scene. Nerveless, straight eyed, with the quiet authority of a natural leader, also in a tuxedo, though appearing more comfortable. He hones in, a whimsical smile on his face.

CURRAN
Hey, hey, you CAN.

Graham, pretending not to hear, opens his book and begins to read. Curran slams the book shut.

GRAHAM
I just...

CURRAN
Listen... Billy, listen to me. How long we been together?

GRAHAM
'Bout nine years, I guess.

CURRAN
Nine years. And we pulled each other through some heavy shit, right?

Graham nods.

CURRAN
(continued)
Together, right? And we can do it again... together.

GRAHAM
Together? What are you talkin' about "together"? This is just ME, man!

CURRAN
What? You think I'm gonna disappear outa your life?

Leary has joined them at the bar. Curran waves an arm at him.

CURRAN
(continued)
We gonna disappear outa his life?

Leary says "No". Curran leans in closer.

5 CONTINUED: 5

CURRAN
(continued)
Billy, you can do this thing. You can do it. Right? Right?

Graham nods.

CURRAN
(continued)
All right! That's my man! Let's go, we're gonna be late. Where the hell is Hawkins?

Curran has grabbed Graham and is propelling him toward the door.Curran is wearing only a tuxedo jacket and boxer shorts. Leary follows. As they near the door they are met by LT. (jg) DALE HAWKINS, hyper-kinetic and sharp-edged. He is carrying a pair of tuxedo pants. With him is a gorgeous young woman whom he places directly in front of Graham.

HAWKINS
This is the guy I was telling you about. Graham, I want you to meet Alonzo Miller.

YOUNG WOMAN
Aldonza.

Curran grabs the pants from Hawkins.

CURRAN
What's goin' on?

HAWKINS
Nothin'. I just happened to be telling Alonzo here about Graham and she said she HAD to meet him.

Curran nods to Leary, who takes the woman and gently leads her away.

LEARY
Can I speak to you a moment, Miss?

Curran sticks his nose in Hawkins' face.

CURRAN
What the fuck you think you're doing? This man is 35 minutes from being married.

HAWKINS
He seemed to be faltering earlier, so I thought he needed some options.

5 CONTINUED: 5

CURRAN
Options?

HAWKINS
Like there are plenty of fish in the sea type options.

CURRAN
Option this, Hawkins.

Curran propels Graham toward the door.

GRAHAM
Hey, did that woman really want to meet me, Lieutenant? Maybe...

But Curran has shoved him out the door. Hawkins smiling broadly.

6 EXT\INT CAR DRIVING ON CHESAPEAKE BAY BRIDGE - DAY 6(X)

An impressive array of naval ships loom in the b.g. Curran drives an open-topped jeep. Graham is in the front, Hawkins leans over from the back seat.

CURRAN
It's time, Billy. It's just plain goddamn time for you and Jolena. Time for commitment, pal.

GRAHAM
I got a commitment. To you guys.

CURRAN
It's not gonna' last forever, Billy. You know that. And when it's over...what are you going to come home to?

HAWKINS
A refrigerator full of beer and an address book full of numbers. And tell me Doctor Commitment, how can you, a guy whose marriage lasted all of...what?...five years? How can you allow Graham to do this?

CURRAN
'Cause it's what he wants to do.

HAWKINS
It is? Is this what you want to do, Billy? Is it?

6 CONTINUED: 6

GRAHAM
Well yeah, I guess so.

HAWKINS
You guess so!

He throws up his hands and falls back in the back seat.

HAWKINS
I don' think I can, in all good conscience, be part of this funeral procession.

He stands up.

HAWKINS
If you insist on going through with this, Graham, I'm outa here.

CURRAN
As a rule, Billy, one should not humor the hopelessly insane.

Graham looks at Curran. Curran smiles.

GRAHAM
Sorry, Hawkins.

CURRAN
Happy landings.

Hawkins rips off his sport coat, checks his position, and EXPLODES off the side of the jeep... thrusting himself out and over the guard rail.

CLOSE ON HAWKINS.

As he gracefully FLOATS through the air, a fiendish smile on his face, down toward the waters of the bay.

RETURN TO CAR.

Graham is in a state of total confusion and shock. Curran drives on, unruffled.

CURRAN
(shaking his head)
That's a first. Pulling that stunt without a female in sight.

7 EXT.-BUILDING- DAY 7

Tight on an older grey stone building as Curran and Graham run toward a door. Outside Graham stops. His legs go wobbly. Curran grabs him by the shoulders.

7 CONTINUED: 7

CURRAN
I'll be right by your side.

Curran walks\drags Graham through the door into...

8 OMITTED 8

9 INT - CHURCH - DAY 9

An entire church filled with people. The first bars of the WEDDING MARCH sound. Curran steers Graham into the groom's position. Seals rush to pews as the WEDDING MARCH begins.

The minister waits on the altar. At the top of the aisle is Graham's wife-to-be JOLENA. She is thirtyish, with a once pretty, but now well-lived-in face. She is escorted by her BROTHER. They both stare daggers at Graham and Curran.

GRAHAM
(panicked, sotto voce to Curran)
What am I doing? I hardly know this woman.

CURRAN
Good point. You've only been going out with her for three years.

Suddenly a beeper goes off on Curran's side. Then another... and another... another... six beepers are going off, causing confusion in the congregation. Curran pulls his beeper with digital readout off his belt, looks at it.

INSERT - READOUT - BAKER ONE... COME TO WORK...LOADOUT

CURRAN
Damn.

Graham is looking at his own beeper.

CURRAN
(continues, shaking his head sadly)
Sorry, buddy.

Rexer, Ramos, Leary, and Dane stand and head for the aisle. Curran, followed by Graham, moves for the back of the church. Graham reaches Jolena.

GRAHAM
I'm sorry, Honey. We have to go to work.

JOLENA
Now?

9 CONTINUED: 9

GRAHAM
This minute.

JOLENA
This is some joke right? Where's Hawkins? I'm not buying any of it. Now get your ass back up there.

GRAHAM
I'm serious, Honey.

She looks at Curran. He nods.

CURRAN
Sorry Jo, bad timing.

JOLENA
With you guys it's always bad timing.

She flings her bouquet away. Graham hurriedly kisses her as Curran and the other men rush out the door.

GRAHAM
I'll call you when I get back.

And he runs out the door.

9 A EXT - CHURCH - DAY 9 A

As the men are getting into their cars, a soaking wet Hawkins roars up on the flatbed of a pick-up and hops off.

HAWKINS
(to Graham)
What's going on? You come to your senses?

CURRAN
We're going to work.

Hawkins starts laughing. Curran grabs him by the arm, pulling him toward the jeep. Hawkins points back to the church.

HAWKINS
Man, it's gotta be divine intervention!

Curran shoves Hawkins into the jeep and it wheels off.

10 EXT. - SEAPORT - NIGHT 10

A full moon illuminates a labyrinth of refinery pipes. Above them we SEE a minaret and HEAR the muezzin's call to prayer.

PULLBACK TO:

Foreground of a large loading dock and a shipping vessel. A car is speeding through a heavily guarded gate, and from it we hear shouts in Arabic that make the guards snap to attention.

11 EXT - FORTRESS - NIGHT 11

The car pulls up in front. A man exits the car and enters the building.

11A INT. - FORTRESS CORRIDOR - TRACKING SHOT - NIGHT 11A

The man from the car, the STRANGER, darkly handsome, dressed in finely cut civilian clothes, walks briskly down the corridor. He is followed by heavily armed GUARDS and a terrorist OFFICER (INTERROGATOR) who is being chewed out by the Stranger as they walk.

STRANGER
(Arabic, in subtitles)
Idiot! Who authorized you to shoot down the American helicopter? No one! No one gave you that authorization! And now you bring the surviviors here!

INTERROGATOR
It is only that I thought...

STRANGER
No! You did not think. You did NOT THINK!

They are in front of a heavy door. The Officer/Interrogator opens it.

POV

The Copter Pilot and Co-Pilot are manacled to wooden chairs. The Corpsman lies on the floor critically wounded. Two armed Guards stand in the room. The Stranger enters.

12 INT - GUARD ROOM - NIGHT 12

The Stranger turns to one of the guards.

12 CONTINUED: 12

STRANGER
(in Arabic, with subtitles)
Kill them.

Shaheed leaves the room.
The Interrogator walks over to the wounded corpsman, pulls out a gun, and while the two Americans look on in horror, aims the gun at the corpsman's temple and FIRES. The corpsman's head jerks sideways as he falls to the ground.

CO-PILOT
You bastard! You fucking bastard!

The Co-Pilot stands, lunges toward the Interrogator and, putting his shoulder into his chest, drives him into the wall. The gun goes flying into the air. For a moment there is a stunned silence until the other guards start screaming and converge on the Co-Pilot. The Interrogator, recovered, yells instructions. The Co-Pilot is lifted off the floor by three men, one at each leg and one by the manacles. The Interrogator takes a deep breath, winds up and starts kicking the Co-Pilot in the chest over and over again in a frenzy, howling curses in guttural Arabic...

The Pilot turns his head, closing his eyes.

CHOPPER PILOT
(screaming)
No! No! No! No!

Finally the kicking Interrogator, gasping for breath, runs out of steam and stops. The Co-Pilot is dropped to the ground. He rolls over into the fetal position, eyes glassy with shock, diaphragm heaving involuntarily.

CHOPPER PILOT
Oh, my God...

A trickle of blood gurgles from the corner of the Co-Pilot's mouth. He passes out. The Interrogator, still breathing hard, walks over and picks up his gun. He strolls back smiling and aims the barrel right behind the Co-Pilot's ear. He looks over to the Pilot.

INTERROGATOR
You next.

A black SHADOW floats by the window...

The Pilot looks back at the Guard by his side. He's seen it too...

12 CONTINUED: 12

The door EXPLODES OPEN... Then a quick, whirring SOUND, like a pneumatic drill... The Interrogator's body goes flying up against the wall...A black-clad, hooded GUNMAN bursts into the room FIRING rapid BURSTS from a silenced H&K Mp5 submachine gun, followed instantly by two more GUNMEN, CZ-75 automatic pistols BLAZING, the BLASTS from all 3 Gunmen coming so fast and so close together that they seem to flash around the room like a strobe light... In 2.2 seconds all 9 Guards are dropped, each caught in mid-reflex... Frozen in shock, the Pilot hasn't even had time to duck...

The Gunmen fan into the room.

CURRAN
Clear!

GRAHAM
Clear!

The 3rd Gunman is about to finish just as a last, wounded Guard makes a leap for his gun. In one fluid move the 3rd Gunman lays him out with a Tae-Kwon-Do side kick, then growls into his mike:

HAWKINS
Real clear.

The 3rd gunman removes his hood and smiles. It's Hawkins. Only now do we notice that each man's black fatigues are soaking wet with seawater. Curran (2nd gunman) pulls his hood off.

CURRAN
Squad B -- in!

Two more GUNMEN burst in, covering the room. Curran starts unshackling kthe awe-struck Pilot.

CURRAN
Seal Team. We've come to get you out.

CHOPPER PILOT
(pauses, blinks)
I believe you.

12 CONTINUED: 12

The two gunmen remove their hoods revealing United States Navy SEAL commandos: RAMOS, an intense, tightly wound Hispanic, whips out a camera and starts taking pictures...LEARY, the Seal medical corpsman, closing the eyes of the murdered corpsman, immediately tends to the stricken Co-Pilot, popping a syrette of epinephrine and jabbing it into his arm... Graham slings his MP-5 and starts rifling the bodies, taking papers and wallets... Hawkins stands in the middle of the room like he owns it, covering all the exits with his MP-5... And Curran, the Team Leader, who hits his mike:

CURRAN
X-ray, this is Bad Karma, extract in 9 minutes.

LEARY
(Tending to the Co-Pilot)
Geeze, they really beat the balls off this guy.

HAWKINS
Lousy rag-headed...

CURRAN
Secure this area, we're moving to the extraction site.

HAWKINS
...booger-eating...

RAMOS
(Tries door to next room)
Got a locked door over here.

CURRAN
Blow it.

Hawkins pulls a riot gun from a scabbard on his back, FIRES 2 rounds into the lock, and kicks the door open. The Stranger sits on the floor, shoeless and bare chested, handcuffed to a radiator and holding up his wrists to show he's just a prisoner. Ramos leans into the doorway and snaps his picture.

HAWKINS
...bed-wetters.

RAMOS
Got a possible friendly here.

CURRAN
Check him out.

Hawkins and Ramos enter the room.

12A INT. - ROOM - SAME 12A

Ramos speaks to the Stranger in flawless Arabic. The Stranger replies.

RAMOS
Says he's an Egyptian sailor waiting for his ship to load up and head out. The hostiles thought he was a spy and tied him up.

Hawkins and the Stranger exchange looks. The Stranger's calm, cool demeanor is intact.

HAWKINS
Egyptian Sailor, my ass.

The Stranger looks through the doorway and registers all the precisely killed Terrorists strewn around the room. Hawkins pokes him in the shoulder:

HAWKINS
Check it out, sailor -- that's how the U.S. of A. kicks ass! (X)

Curran pops his head in the door. The Stranger's back is to him.

CURRAN
Watch our back, we're moving.

GRAHAM (RADIO VOICE)
"Bad Karma, this is Ball Point.."

13 EXT - SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT 13

The south gate. REXER, huge and powerfully built, looks through starlight binoculars far into darkness outside the compound far in the distance.

REXER
I've got traffic, two trucks, about 250 meters south of my position.

CURRAN (V.O.)
"Roger, Ball Point, put 'em in God's hands."

REXER
Hello, God. Hello, God. Come in, son.

Now a dull, flat monotone, like "H.A.L." in 2001, comes over the radio:

13 CONTINUED: 13

DANE (RADIO VOICE)
"God here."

14 EXT - ATOP CRANE - NIGHT 14

The top of the giant oil tank overlooking the yard below...

TRACK down the length of an incredibly massive rifle barrel to...

DANE, a strange-looking, hollow-eyed Seal who looks through the complex-looking scope on his rifle, scanning across the yard.

REXER
"God, I got yuppies coming towards the south gate. They're out of their condos and moving on my position."

14A POV RIFLE SIGHT: Starlight scope -- square picture, greenish light with the entire yard appearing as bright as daylight, at the bottom "range of target" displayed in a continuously changing digital numbers. The scope tracks outside the compound to where, far in the distance, two TRUCKS can be seen coming toward the south gate... 14A

15 EXT - OUTSIDE COMPOUND - NIGHT 15

TWO TRUCKS DRIVE through the darkness toward the refinery...

16 EXT - ATOP CRANE - NIGHT 16

Dane clicks back the giant bolt of his huge rifle.

DANE
I see 'em.

REXER (V.O.)
"They gotta die, son."

Dane shoves a mammoth cartridge into the breech and slams the bolt home, taking aim.

DANE
All yuppies must die.

The rifle FIRES with a muzzle flash five feet wide and a report like a thunderclap... Outside the compound, the front of the lead truck explodes.the force of the impact...

DANE fires again... A second truck explodes and runs off the road.

16 CONTINUED: 16

Soldiers pile off the trucks and start running towards the dock area.

17 INT - FORTRESS - NIGHT 17

The Stranger spits a key out of his mouth and unlocks his HANDCUFFS.

18 EXT - FORTRESS - NIGHT 18

Leary, Curran, Hawkins and Ramos carry the Co-Pilot while Graham ushers the Pilot out of the building...

Curran motions to the others and they move into the yard as... GUNMAN FIRES from the scaffoldings far to the right...

Curran and the others duck for cover as the unseen sniper's bullet spangs into the ground at their feet...

The WOP-WOP-WOP sounds of the helicopter get louder...

At the other end of the yard Curran hits his mike:

CURRAN
God, this is Bad Karma. Yuppie on the loose, southwest quadrant.

19 EXT - ATOP OIL TANK - NIGHT 19

Dane swings his rifle around toward the flashes...

POV RIFLE SIGHT: The same Starlight images of the yard, but no sniper...

DANE
Nothing on starlight. Switching to thermal.

Dane hits a switch and the scope transforms to a psychedelic vision of purples, yellows and greens -- thermal images. He pans until he finally comes to rest on the clearly defined outline of a man with a rifle crouched behind the stairway...

DANE
Die, yuppie scum.

Dane FIRES and the image DISAPPEARS from the scope...

19A EXT. FORTRESS - NIGHT 19A(X)

The helicopter passes quickly overhead.

20 EXT - FORTRESS - NIGHT 20

Curran and his men are starting out into the yard when terrorists begin swarming in and around the packing crates to Curran's front and side. Frontal and enfilading fire begins to smash around them. Seal #8 is hit and wounded. Curran motions his men back to the fortress.

CURRAN
Inside! Inside!

With Hawkins and Graham giving covering fire the men retreat into the fortress.

CLOSE ON HAWKINS & GRAHAM

Bullets chip around them as they fight from the doorway. Hawkins points to a massive pile of acetylene gas tanks. He and Graham eject magazines and load tracer magazines. They both unload a stream of tracer fire into the tanks which EXPLODE with tremendous force. Hawkins and Graham dive into the fortress entrance.

20A INT FORTRESS CORRIDOR - TRACKING SHOT - NIGHT 20A(X)

Curran, Leary, Pilot, and Ramos carrying the Co-Pilot race down the corridor. A Terrorist appears from around a corner in front of them. Curran, firing from the hip, drops him. Curran signals his team to stop, kneels and gets on radio.

CURRAN
Ball Point, this is Bad Karma, we're comin' out East. Repeat East. Whatta' you got there?

REXER (V.O.)
C'mon, c'mon, but haul ass.

CURRAN
Contact the chopper. Tell 'em we headed for LZ Two. LZ Two, got that?

REXER (V.O.)
LZ Two, got it.

Curran waves his team forward at a run.

CURRAN
A and B rendezvous at LZ Two. Immediate.

20B EXT - ATOP CRANE - NIGHT 20B

As the helicopter glides past, Dane grabs a cable and rappels down the side of the crane to the ground.

20C INT. - ANOTHER CORRIDOR IN FORTRESS - NIGHT 20C(X)

Hawkins and Graham race down the corridor. Suddenly Terrorists appear from a corridor at right angles to them. The gunfire from the Terrorists forces Hawkins and Graham into a doorway then inside the room.

20D INT - ROOM - NIGHT 20D(X)

It is a large cavernous room filled with wooden cases. Hawkins fires at a GUNMAN in front of one of the cases chipping the crates behind him. Hawkins and Graham duck behind a stack of crates. Bullets have gouged out a large section of the crate near Hawkins. He looks inside.

HAWKINS
What the fuck is this?

POV INSIDE CRATE

Lettering reads:"GENERAL DYNAMICS"

RETURN TO SCENE

Bullets begin to chip around the crate.

HAWKINS
Cover me!

GRAHAM
What the...?

HAWKINS
Cover me, goddammit!

Graham sprays the doorway with fire, forcing the terrorists back.

Stranger arrives at the doorway.

STRANGER
(subtitled Arabic to terrorists)
Stop firing!

They look puzzled. The Stranger screams again.

STRANGER
STOP FIRING!!

Hawkins rips wood from the crate with his knife. He looks inside.

20D CONTINUED: 20D

POV INSIDE CRATE

Metal case with lettering: " STINGER MISSILES"

HAWKINS
Jesus Christ, they're missiles! Stingers!

Hawkins crouches behind the crates and attempts to reach Curran on the radio.

HAWKINS
Bad Karma Leader, this is Bad Karma Two, do you read, over?

Nothing but static.

HAWKINS (CONT)
Bad Karma Leader, do you read, come in.

Nothing. He angrily bangs the radio against the crate.

GRAHAM
C'mon, goddamnit Hawkins!

Hawkins and Graham race for a door in back of them. At the door Hawkins stops, arms a grenade and flings it at the missile crates.

GRAHAM
Holy shit!

He grabs Hawkins and throws him, along with himself, out the door and onto the ground outside the building. The grenade goes off but has no effect on the missiles.

20E EXT. - SIDE DOOR OF FORTRESS - NIGHT 20E *

Hawkins and Graham lying on the ground.

HAWKINS
They didn't blow.

They run along the side of the fortress toward the front.

20F EXT - LZ - NIGHT 20F

Back at the LZ, Curran helps load the Pilot and Co-Pilot into the chopper while the others cover, fending off gunfire from the remaining gunmen. Leary, tending to the Co-Pilot yells down to Curran.

20F CONTINUED: 20F

LEARY
Lieutenant, this guy's not doin' so good. I barely got a pulse.

Curran hits his mike:

CURRAN
Extracting now, everybody move it, let's go!

Dane runs up.

DANE
We got about 40 hostiles coming this way on foot and they'll be here real soon.

Hawkins and Graham run up to the chopper:

HAWKINS
You're not gonna believe this, but we just found 5 crates full of Stinger missiles!

Stunned reactions from Curran and the others. A beat, then:

HAWKINS
We got to blow 'em.

LEARY
(Looks down from Co-Pilot to Curran)
Lieutenant, this guy's busted up inside. Get him on the carrier now or he's gone.

A few bullets PFFTTH into the side of helicopter.Stunned reactions from Curran

DANE
My guess is they'll be here in about 60 seconds.

HAWKINS
We can hold 'em off. Give me some satchel charges and I'll blow those Stingers in no more than five minutes.

CURRAN
Leary, if we extract in five minutes,-we'll be on the carrier in fifteen .

LEARY
(shrugs)
Your choice.

20F CONTINUED: 2 20F

Curran looks at the Co-Pilot who is coughing up blood. Finally:

CURRAN
We're out of here.

21 EXT - SHIPPING YARD - NIGHT 21

The big helicopter lifts off from the yard with the SEALs and rescued captives aboard while...

The Stranger watches from the shadows, eyes full of hate, as the chopper rises up and drifts off into the night sky...

22 EXT - AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DAWN 22

Curran and Hawkins stand on the flight deck of the Navy carrier, watching while 4 sailors hustle the Co-Pilot off the chopper on a litter. Curran is frowning hard as the Pilot walks up:

CHOPPER PILOT
Lieutenant, I really...you guys are incredible. Thank you, thank you so--

CURRAN
There's nothing to thank us for because we don't exist, you never saw us, this never happened. You got that?

CHOPPER PILOT
(taken aback)
Yeah, sure, okay...

HAWKINS
One more thing.

CHOPPER PILOT
Yeah?

HAWKINS
You're welcome.

Hawkins give the Pilot a smile as we suddenly hear the ABC news Nightline theme music and...

23 EXT - NAVY BASE - DAY 23 *

The SEAL team exits a C-141 transport plane.

24 INT - COMMAND CENTER - DAY 24(X)

Close on television as Edwin Newman appears; behind him is a graphic of a helicopter crash underlined by bold text MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

EDWIN NEWMAN
"Good evening. 36 hours ago, the Pentagon has revealed, a shipyard controlled by Lebanese terrorists was attacked."

Pull back to Curran, Graham, Hawkins and the other SEALS unloading their gear. In the b.g., uniformed men are answering phones and going over charts. Along a wall is a bank of televisions, images flickering, most soundless.

EDWIN NEWMAN
"The attack was in apparent retaliation for the downing of a U.S. Navy helicopter over the Eastern Mediterranean three days ago."

An eager young officer walks over to Curran and slaps him on the back.

OFFICER
Job well done. We taped the news for you.

RAMOS
Hey, listen up guys, we're going to be famous.

EDWIN NEWMAN
"Though officials won't comment, sources close to the operation idicate that the raid may have been the work of the U.S. Navy SEALS, this nation's most secret combat unit."

CURRAN
Chopper pilot talked. Idiot.

24 CONTINUED: 24

EDWIN NEWMAN
"What is the role of clandestine units like the SEALS and what is the larger significance of clandestine actions in general? Later in the broadcast we will be joined by Senator John Warner, a former Secretary of the Navy and Claire Verens, a prize winning journalist and a leading expert on Middle Eastern terrorism. (inserts of the guests appear) But first, WNN correspondent Peter Ballard has a special report."

Various video newsreel images of SEALS training appear over narration.

TV NARRATION
"Their name is an acronym for sea/air/land and they are considered by many to be the toughest, most elite commando unit on earth. But in a world where the U.S. is increasingly vulnerable to hostage taking and airline hijacking, special forces units like the SEALS are increasingly seen as a vital compromise between failed diplomacy and massive military force--"

A hand reaches up and switches the sound off. CAPTAIN DUNNE, fiftyish, ramrod straight and the commanding officer of the east coast Seal Teams turns to Curran and Graham.

DUNNE
What's sad is you boys are probably getting off on listening to this bullshit.

HAWKINS
You're the one with all the scrapbooks, Captain.

CURRAN
Captain, let's talk.

Curran leads Dunne off to the side.

CURRAN
(angry)
Once again, we had great intelliigence. We walked into a hornet's nest!

24 CONTINUED: 24.

DUNNE
As usual, everybody's passing the buck.

CURRAN
This isn't the first time we've been left high and dry by intelligence.

DUNNE
Well you'll have your chance with the big boys tomorrow. Dress blues and tennis shoes 0900 at the Pentagon. Do yourself a favor, blow some of your steam off tonight.

The Captain slaps Curran on the shoulder and heads off. Graham walks over and grabs Curran.

GRAHAM
Come on, I'm buying you a drink.

Graham steers Curran out the door.

CURRAN
Isn't there someone you should see first?

Graham groans as they exit.

25 EXT - SEAL HDQ. - DAY 25(X)

They stop directly outside.

GRAHAM
You know Jolena. Probably changed the locks on me.

CURRAN
I'll give her a call, slide you back in.

GRAHAM
(looking relieved)
Thanks.

Graham moves off.

CURRAN
On one condition, you have a new wedding date on my desk by 0700 tomorrow.

25 CONTINUED: 25

GRAHAM
(weakly, half-heartedly saluting)
Aye-aye sir.

Graham turns and disappears. Hawkins pops out the door. Curran glances at Hawkins and starts to the parking lot. Hawkins chases.

HAWKINS
Think you'll get reamed for the Stingers?

CURRAN
Pope wear a funny hat?

HAWKINS
I guess it was a tough call. Not the one I would have made but...

CURRAN
It wasn't your decision.

HAWKINS
One day it will be.

CURRAN
If you ever grow up.

HAWKINS
Grow up?

CURRAN
"That's how the U. S. of A. kicks ass."

HAWKINS
So I was overcome with patriotism. Is that a crime?

CURRAN
This is combat, pal, not some high school football game. You better learn to get your emotions under control or you're gonna get some one killed... and it might not even be you.

HAWKINS
End of lecture?

Curran nods.

25 CONTINUED: 25

HAWKINS
Good. Think I can hitch a ride with you tomorrow? I got some business to take care of in Washington.

Curran starts walking to his jeep.

CURRAN
What's her name?

HAWKINS
I don't know what you're talking about.

26 EXT - HELICOPTER POV - DAY 26

The Pentagon as it grows larger in the frame.

SHAHEED (V.O.)
You cannot invade our land and talk about security. (X)

27 EXT - PENTAGON - DAY 27

A Navy Sea Sprite helicopter descends and lands. Curran, Hawkins, and Captain Dunne jump out.

SHAHEED (V.O.)
You cannot send soldiers into our homes and talk about peace. (X)

28 OMIT 28 OMIT

29 INT - OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE - WASHINGTON - DAY 29

INSERT

Shaheed on TV screen.

SHAHEED (CONT.)
You cannot kill a man's family and talk about human rights.

PULLBACK TO REVEAL:

In the office looking at the screen are: Curran, Dunne, JIM ELMORE (State Dept.), WARREN STINSON (NSC), ELIOT WEST (CIA), GENERAL MATEEN (JOINT CHIEFS), ADMIRAL COLKER (O.N.I.) and various aides. West is standing next to the screen and looks at Curran for identification of the Terrorist.

29 CONTINUED: 29

CURRAN
Yessir, that's the man who was posing as a friendly.

On screen the shot widens to show that Shaheed is being interviewed by CLAIRE VERENS, an attractive woman in her 30's.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
And you wage your war with acts of terrorism against civilians?

STINSON
Who is this guy?

WEST
Name's Ben Shaheed.

SHAHEED
If America kills our people then our people will kill Americans.

CLAIRE
As you did when you bombed the Marine barracks in Beirut in 1983?

SHAHEED
In reprisal for the shelling of our homes and the murder of our families by American warships.

CLAIRE
Are you prepared to die yourself. Or do you prefer just giving orders?

SHAHEED
(Smiling)
Death is our most sacred gift if it comes fighting for the cause of God.

West stops the tape and turns off the television.

WEST
A real sweetheart, huh? And he's taken over the lmost violent terrorist organization in the Mid East...Al Shuhada.

A sense of tension and deep concern permeates the room.

STINSON
And now they've got missiles, Christ.

29 CONTINUED: 29

ELMORE
Where'd they get them?

WEST
We have information that some of the Stingers we intended for the Afghani rebels found their way into the Persian Gulf black market.

ELMORE
Beautiful.

MATEEN
What they've got ahold of is the perfect terrorist weapon. Portable, handheld...I say we have an emergency here and we go in there fast and hard. Hit 'em with a clean surgical air strike.

ELMORE
Can you guarantee no civilian casualities?

MATEEN
What about the civilian casualties those Stingers are gonna inflict?

STINSON
Jesus, what a mess.
(to Curran)
Why the hell didn't you blow those things when you had a chance?

ADMIRAL
C'mon Warren, you know we put a high premium on the lives of our men. The Lieutenant made a decision under fire and it was a damn good one.

STINSON
Well, I'm sorry Admiral, but I have to question that decision. Your Navy Seals are supposed to be the toughest, most elite commando unit on earth. They are paid to take risks. Paid to get shot at. Paid to die if necessary. Surely the Lieutenant knew the terrible damage those Stingers could inflict!

ADMIRAL
Dammit, the point here is not what might of been done! But what we can do now!

29 CONTINUED: 29

There is a tense silence for a moment, then Curran leaps to his feet.

CURRAN
Let me go back in there sir! With first hand knowledge of the target, my team could...

Stinson stops him with an upheld hand.

STINSON
This is the President's decision. We'll see if he wants to give your SEALS another shot.

Curran and Dunne blanch.

29A INT. PENTAGON HALLWAY - DAY 29A(X)

The meeting is breaking up. Men leaving the room. Curran stands deep in thought against the wall. General Mateen and Admiral Colker come up to him.

ADMIRAL
I want you to know that in my estimation, your decision was the right one, Lieutenant.

He pats Curran on the shoulder and Mateen nods.

CURRAN
Thank you, sir.

CLOSE ON CURRAN

But his eyes show that he is brooding...questioning...that he feels he may have made a mistake.

29B INT. - DULLES AIRPORT - DAY 29B

Amidst the usual airport frenzy Curran and Hawkins wait for a clerk to hand over their tickets. Hawkins suddenly slams his fist on the counter (startling the clerk).

HAWKINS
I knew that egyptian sailor line was bullshit. I should have wasted him right there. (X)

29B CONTINUED: 29B

CURRAN
We don't assassinate on gut instinct... (X)

HAWKINS
Why not? They do. (X)

Curran's eyes catch something significant off in the distance.

CURRAN
I'll be back...

And Curran moves past Hawkins and...

He starts quickly pursuing a woman walking away from him. When he finally catches her we see that it's Claire Verens, the interviewer on the videotape.

CURRAN
Excuse me.

Claire looks over at him without altering a beat of her pressing, forward strides.

CLAIRE
Yes?

Curran awkwardly sticks his hand out.

CURRAN
My name is James Curran. I'd like a few words with you.

CLAIRE
Can you walk and talk at the same time? I'm late for my plane. (X)

(X)

CURRAN
Well, I don't know if this is the place and clearly you're pressed for time. Do you have a card so we could perhaps make an appointment?

CLAIRE
(smiling, thinking she understands)
You want my card.

(X)

Hawkins appears on her other side.

29B CONTINUED: 2 29B

HAWKINS
Let me explain what my partner is so inadequately trying to say...

Curran grabs Hawkins arm.

CURRAN
(sotto voce)
Not now.

Too late.

HAWKINS
We have been assigned by the Inter Agency Special Bureau to provide you full escort services for the duration of your stay in Washington and... (X)

(X)

They reach the entrance to the International terminal. Claire stops and turns around.

CLAIRE
Well gentlemen, unless you're going to Paris, your "special bureau" assignment is terminated.

She turns and walks through the electronic surveillance area.

HAWKINS
(yelling after her)
Well can we at least have your number?

Curran drops his head in exasperation.

CURRAN
You are one extraordinary dickhead.

(X)

30 INT - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT 30(X)

Captain Dunne, assisted by maps, diagrams, and photos, briefs the SEAL team.

30 CONTINUED: 30

DUNNE
We've got satellite confirmation that the crates were transferred to the merchant ship Latanya, which departed yesterday for Tripoli, Lebanon. We don't know how many hostiles are aboard. But apparently the ship is loaded with Muslim pilgrims.

the SEALs groan disgustedly...

DUNNE
It's a touchy environment. If we pull a destroyer alongside we have a hostage situation. Therefore gentlemen, your team is directed to interdict the ship at sea and secure it for boarding. Then you let the bomb boys get their jollies off.

Another groan...

DUNNE
Let's keep the brains on the bulkhead to a minimum.

OVERLAP DIALOGUE

30A EXT - UNDERWATER - DUSK 30A(X)

The cold cobalt blue of the Mediterranean Sea. Suddenly we HEAR the LOW ROAR of hypersonic propellers as a long, sleek, black, attack SUBMARINE glides past.

DUNNE
(V.O.)
Your insertion platform is presently shadowing the Latanya in the Eastern Mediterranean...

31 OMITTED 31

32 INT - SUBMARINE CONTROL ROOM - DUSK 32

Red lights, sonar noise, all-business atmosphere. The sub's CAPTAIN cradles a rising periscope. Curran and Hawkins slouch nearby. The Captain pulls away from the eyepiece and turns to Curran.

CAPTAIN
There she is.

32A POV PERISCOPE: DUSK 32A

Dead in the crosshairs, silhouetted against the night sky, a rusted, sea-worn FREIGHTER, the Latanya, makes its way along the surface...

33 INT- TORPEDO ROOM - DUSK 33

The SEALs, in wet suits, are in various positions around the crowded torpedo room. Some strap on gear while others study deck plans of the Latanya. Dane is in a lotus position, meditating.

REXER
Travel to colorful, distant lands, meet interesting, exotic people...(straps on gun)...and kill them.

Sitting next to Dane, Graham is reading SATANIC VERSES. Leary approaches.

LEARY
Hey Graham, how come you always have your nose in a book?

GRAHAM
You know what they say - "A mind is a terrible thing to waste"...

DANE
(coming out of his meditation)
I can think of a few minds I'd like to waste.

Curran and Hawkins enter.

CURRAN
All right, listen up. We'll be engaged within the hour. Equipment check thirty minutes tops.

34 OMIT 34 OMIT

35 INT - LOCKOUT CHAMBER - NIGHT 35

A narrow pressure hull about the size of a shower filled with4 wet-suited SEALs, Curran, Hawkins, Graham and Leary, their weapons and equipment. Rexer lowers the bottom hatch. Curran hits the speaker on the wall of the chamber. Curran raps on the wall of the lockout chamber. There is an answering lock. (X)

35A INT. - TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT 35A

Crewmen start to turn dials. The other Seals wait nearby.

35B INT - LOCKOUT CHAMBER - NIGHT 35B

As water starts flooding into the compartment and rising up their bodies, Hawkins starts singing...

HAWKINS
"Splish splash, I was taking a bath, on about a Saturday night..."

THE OTHER SEALS
(joining in)
...Rub, dub, just relaxin' in in the tub, thinking everything was alright...

And when the water reaches chest level the SEALs lower their face masks kand put their regulators in place. Standing higher, straining his neck sideways, the last to give up singing, is Hawkins. Then...

all we HEAR is their BREATHING as the water goes completely over their heads and...

36 EXT - SUBMARINE - NIGHT 36

A hatch opens agains the smooth, black contour of the hull, and a stream of bubbles spills from the lockout chamber. The 4 SEALs emerge from the submarine.

37 EXT - OCEAN - NIGHT 37

The SEALs surface to a calm sea, just recently disturbed by the Latanya's wake. Suddenly an inflated Zodiac pops up next to them. And then another. They climb in the two hard shell rubberized boats.

38 INT - ZODIAC - NIGHT 38

The noiseless engines are turned on.

39 EXT - ZODIAC - NIGHT 39

The SEALs move stealthily after the Latanya.

40 EXT. - LATANYA - NIGHT 40

The two Zodiacs quietly pull even alongside the ship, tucking in as close as possible... On one side Curran grabs a pipe and laybacks upward and... On the other, Hawkins, like an expert rock climber, picks his way to the top using available protruding screws and bolts...

Now the other SEALs in his squad (Graham, Ramos, and the 8th SEAL) follow, rising from the boat and inching up the sheer hull like giant black, crawling insects...

41 EXT - ON DECK - NIGHT 41

First one to the top, Curran's fingers curl over the edge of the deck near the lifeboat while below him, the rest of his squad, (Rexer, Dane and Leary), hang precariously. He carefully peers over the edge...

A goat by the main hatch stares back at him, placidly chewing on a root...

All around, sleeping on the top hatches, are the potential hostages, a large group of destitute Muslim pilgrims who can't afford to travel with a roof over their heads. Their bundles, goats, and chickens clutter the deck...

Satisfied they are no threat, Curran looks across the deck for Hawkins. He sees a MAN urinating off the side of the ship...

Close on Hawkins as he presses himself against the ship's hull, a stream of urine missing his head by inches...

As the man finishes up and goes back to his sleeping position, Curran pulls himself onto the deck...Hawkins swings over the railing, as the rest of the SEALs quickly scurry on deck after them...

Curran motions the SEALs forward around the sleeping pilgrims...

Suddenly a door BURSTS open...

The SEALs drop low, training their guns on...a cook, who walks outside, stretches, belches, then round the corner and disappears down a walkway...

41A EXT. - BRIDGE - NIGHT 41A

Curran motions to Leary and Dane, who peel off and move toward the front of the ship. Ramos and the 8th SEAL hold at the bottom of the bridge stairwell while Curran, Hawkins, Rexer, and Graham scurry up to the top. Rexer positions himself overlooking the pilgrims, his large M-60 trained on the deck area. Curran, Hawkins, and Graham stand outside the wheelhouse door, while behind it, we hear a conversational murmur. Curran nods and...

42 INT - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT 42

The three SEALs BURST into the room. The CAPTAIN AND HELMSMEN freeze in position, terrified. Hawkins and Graham throw them down on the deck. Curran puts his foot on the Captain's neck and the muzzle of his MP-5 in his ear.

CURRAN
How many gunmen you have on board?

CAPTAIN
No gunmen.

CURRAN
Where are they located?

Curran steps harder on his neck.

CAPTAIN
No gunmen, no need for gunmen. We are merchant ship, carrying machine parts.

Hawkins pulls the Captain to his feet and ziplocks him to the binnacle.

HAWKINS
The guy's fulla shit.

GRAHAM
Think we got the wrong boat? (X)

All three SEALs give each other a look.

CURRAN
(to Hawkins and Graham)
Secure the passengers. And keep alert. I'm going below deck.

43 - 47 OMITTED 43-47

48 EXT - ON DECK - NIGHT 48

The terrified passengers laying flat on the deck, are searched at gunpoint. Hawkins, Graham, Ramos and the 8th SEAL carefully make their way through the frightened throngs...

Rexer covers the proceedings from atop the bridge...

Suddenly there are SCREAMS as we see a shaggy-bearded MAN pulling a WOMAN
in front of him as a shield, pulls out a gun

The other SEALs whip their guns in position to fire, but can't lfind their target as pilgrims move about panicked. The gunman, ducks down amidst the confused mass and moves across the deck dragging the woman with the gun to her forehead. Four guns follow the moving figure. Hawkins swings around aiming a 9mm. Beretta dead center on the gunman's head. The gunman starts screaming threats toward the SEALs.

GRAHAM
What's he saying?

HAWKINS
I wish I knew
but, since I don't...

Hawkins smiles.

On Hawkins' trigger finger. Two lightning fast pulls. *

Corresponding are two bullets dead center in the middle of the gunman's forehead which ROCKET him back into lthe bulkhead, his gun flying in the air. The girl collapses to the ground, sobbing. Hawkins yells to the wheelhouse:

HAWKINS
We're full secure.

49 OMIT 49 OMIT

50 OMIT 50 OMIT

51 OMIT 51 OMIT

52 OMIT 52 OMIT

50 OMIT 50

51 OMIT 51

52 OMIT 52

53 INT - FORWARD HOLD - NIGHT 53

A tarp is ripped off a stack of 3 large crates with the same General Dynamics marking. Curran looks at Rexer and gives him a thumbs up. Curran hits his mike:

CURRAN
Ball Point, this is Bad Karma.
Call in back-up. (to Rexer)
Something is seriously wrong. *

54 EXT - ON DECK - NIGHT 54

Two big Navy Helicopters hover over the deck as 5 EXPLOSIVE ORDNANCE DISPOSAL TECHNICIANS rappel onto the hatch cover. The EOD OFFICER lands next to Curran and unhooks himself from the carabiner. Curran shouts over the rotor blast:

CURRAN
Forward hold, 3 crates.

55 INT - FORWARD HOLD - NIGHT 55

The crates are broken open by the technicians. Sand pours out. Simple sand. The team members' faces drop. the EOD Officer turns to Curran.

EOD OFFICER
You guys got took.

On Curran's expression.

56 OMIT 56 OM

56A EXT - NORFOLK NAVAL BASE - DAY 56A*

Dunne and Curran walk alongside the carrier and destroyer docks. In the background is a massive and impressive array of nuclear aircraft carriers, frigates, etc.

DUNNE
Pentagon has taken us off the
Stingers.

56A CONTINUED: 56A

CURRAN
Why? The only reason we didn't get the job done is because we got rotten intelligence - as usual.

DUNNE
Nobody's blaming the SEALs. Or you, Curran.

CURRAN
We shouldn't be cut out of the loop. We're the only people with first hand knowledge.

DUNNE
But the situation has changed. No one knows where the hell those missiles are. It's up to the intelligence community now.

CURRAN
Lots of luck.

He turns and stares out at the bay... speaks quietly.

CURRAN
(continued)
I guess it's my fuck up. I should have blown those goddamn things when I had 'em.

DUNNE
How do you know you coulda got to 'em? I think it more likely you and your team would have been wiped out trying.

CURRAN
Like the man said, that's what they pay us for.

DUNNE
I want your team to stand down for awhile. Relax, cool out. Get some perspective on this. Alright?

Curran doesn't immediately reply.

DUNNE
Lieutenant?

Curran turns and salutes.

CURRAN
(dispiritedly)
Aye, sir.

56B EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY 56B

Montage of Seals getting drunk as they attempt to play golf with varying degrees of success.

Jolena video tapes the debacle with her video camera. Graham deliberately hits a ball into the woods and disappears with Jolena.

Curran in contrast to the others appears troubled.

56C EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE COURSE - DAY 56C

Hawkins pulls alongside Curran's golf cart and tries to lighten him up. He starts the wheels turning in Curran's mind. Hawkins sees his car being towed away and goes after it.

56D EXT - STREET NEAR GOLF COURSE - DAY 56D

The tow truck carrying the GTO moves up a street. Suddenly swinging out from behind the truck, furiously pedaling a bicycle, is Hawkins. He has a look of great concentration on his face as he pulls alongside the truck. He reaches over with one hand and grabs a steel pole connected to the flatbed. Steadying himself, he guides the handlebars with his other hand as he stands on the seat, and kicking the bicycle off to the side...

JUMPS onto the carrier section of the truck. The bicycle crashes into a light pole. Hawkins, gasping for breath makes his way around to the back, bends down, and pulls up on a latch...

The steel ramp starts easing down to the street as Hawkins quickly slides around his car and hops into the front seat...

The engine ROARS to life. Hawkins puts the car into gear and BLASTS down the ramp of the still moving truck. He heads toward two cars coming right at him until, at the last second, he veers left, hops a medium, and rockets away. We hear receding with the GTO, a joyful victory cry.

56E - 61 OMIT 56E - 61 OM

62 INT - TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY 62

We are with Curran (carrying an envelope) as he follows an aide across a humming television news room, through a door and into a control booth. A technicians is manning a bank of dials and knobs while, through a window, Curran watches Claire in a recording booth, speaking intoa microphone, narrating a documentary appearing on a monitor in front of her. Curran's POV of the film: *

A series of horrific scenes depicting the hell on earth called Beirut: a woman kneeling in front of her blood splattered child, gunmen firing indiscriminately into a crowd, children running down the street terror etched into their faces, and on and on...

CLAIRE
(narrating)
True Islam does not preach terrorism. Tru Islam is one of the most tolerant of the world's religions, accepting Christians and Jews as people of the same God. True Islam also preaches equality and justice, but the Shiites of Lebanon have seen little of either. Centuries of oppressions have given rise to small but militant groups of fundamentalists who believe the survival of their faith is at stake - and then tolerance fades and faith turns to anger. For the Al Shuhada of Lebanon it's turned to total rage.

More images from the war in Lebanon: villages being hosed with machine gun fire, torn civilian bodies lying in the street, Beirut going up in flames under an artillery barrage, women and children screaming. Finally the tape mercifully comes to an end. Claire turns around and nods.

TECHNICIAN
Real good. That's it.

63 INT - CONTROL ROOM - DAY 63

As Claire exits the audio booth she looks at an appointment book.

CLAIRE
Lieutenant James Curran?

CURRAN
Yes Ma'am.

63 CONTINUED: 63

CLAIRE
Why do you look familiar?

CURRAN
Dulles airport. I...

CLAIRE
Oh yes. Well, you are persistant.

She starts walking. Curran follows.

CLAIRE
Why did you want this appointment Lieutenant?

CURRAN
Can we sit somewhere and talk?

CLAIRE
Perhaps. If you'll tell me what we're going to talk about.

CURRAN (CONT.)
I've read your book. I was impressed. I'm also very impressed by what I just saw....and...well, I want to know more.

CLAIRE
Like what?

CURRAN
Anything. How you went about your research. Details you thought weren't important enough to include in your book. Outtakes from your interview. And maybe...

63A INT. - NEWSROOM - DAY 63A

She reaches her desk in the crowded newsroom. She tosses down her notes and appointment book.

CLAIRE
You're interested in Ben Shaheed!

CURRAN
There's a lot more to it...

CLAIRE
There always is.

CURRAN
No. I don't think you understand.

63A CONTINUED: 63A

CLAIRE
It's you who doesn't understand. I don't work for the CIA. I'm a journalist.

CURRAN
With special sources.

CLAIRE
Sources who reveal things to me only because I assure absolute confidentiality. Who do you represent?

CURRAN
I dont' represent anyone but myself.

CLAIRE
Alright, an easier question. What do you do for a living?

CURRAN
I'm a Navy Seal.

She stares at him a moment. Then with a slight smile:

CLAIRE
All right, Lieutenant, let's go somewhere and talk.

63B EXT. TERRACE - WASHINGTON RESTAURANT - DAY 63B*

Curran and Claire sit at a table.

CLAIRE
It's important to remember that everything in the Middle East revolves around family. Remember that Kuwaiti 747 that was hijacked two years ago? Ostensibly it was for political purposes but in actuality the brother in law of the lead hijacker was sitting in a Kuwaiti jail. In the Mideast family ties are everything.

CURRAN
Are the members of the Al Shuhada all connected by family.

Claire laughs.

CURRAN
What's funny?

63B CONTINUED: 63B

CLAIRE
Your attempts at getting information are a bit transparent, Lieutenant.Why all this interest in the Al Shuhada?

CURRAN
I can't tell you.

CLAIRE
Nothin' for nothin' gets nothin'.

CURRAN
Great song. Billy Preston right?

CLAIRE
Meaning, if you want information we trade.

CURRAN
I have nothing to trade.

CLAIRE
How about...what the SEALs are up to?

CURRAN
Up to? Training. Want to see it?

CLAIRE
That's a beginning.

64 EXT - LITTLE CREEK TRAINING CENTER - STRESS COURSE - DAY 64

We see the SEALs, in pairs, on the course, fastroping out of helicopters; zodiacs tumbling through heavy surf; "fireman carrying" each other; crawling through mud ditches; scaling high walls.

CURRAN (V.O.)
Only one in a hundred who apply make it. For a SEAL endurance is everything. *

Camera pulls back to see Curran and Claire watching from jeep.

CURRAN
It's all about will. That's the secret. You just never give up...never.

He puts jeep in gear and begins to drive.

64A INT - MOVING JEEP - DAY 64A*

CLAIRE
Have you ever had any Mideast assignments?

CURRAN
I was in Beirut in '83.

CLAIRE
When the Marine barracks was bombed?

CURRAN
(nods)
I lost some good friends. I gotta' admit some of my feelings about the situation over there are colored by that.

Claire nods.

CURRAN (CONT)
You've been to Beirut, I guess.

CLAIRE
I was born there...lived there the first twelve years of my life.
(beat)
And I too have lost friends there.

They look at each other a moment.

64B INT. - DIVE TANK BUILDING 64B(X)

Curran and Claire descend a circular staircase.

CURRAN
They have to dive from up there 65 feet straight down to here.

Curran points to the window in the side of a large water tank.

CURRAN
Our top guys go in first to set the standard for the others to try to beat. This is a free dive - no oxygen, no decompression devices.

Suddenly two figures swim in view and go to work.

CURRAN
They're simulating planting explosves by attaching and tying demolition knots to the ship's hull. They have to do all this on one breath of air.

One of the figures turns around, swims to the window and presses his face against the glass. It's Hawkins.

CLAIRE
Who's that?

CURRAN
Hawkins. He's part fish and the SEALs' number one dive bomber. He's our resident hotdog... but he's good... real good... probably'll have my job before too long.

CLAIRE
Is he coming on that strong or are you thinking of stepping down?

CURRAN
Maybe both.

65 EXT - ARTILLERY RANGE - DAY 65

Curran, Graham, and Claire watch as Dane bench-rests his giant sniper rifle on the artillery range.

CURRAN
This is Dane. That rifle of his has laser, starlight, and thermal sighting systems; fires armor-piercing .50 caliber rounds at ranges of up to 2 miles.

65 CONTINUED: 65

DANE
Pick a yuppie.

CLAIRE
A what?

GRAHAM
A target. When Dane was in training, he couldn't hit a thing, so his instructor told him to imagine the targets were something he hated.

DANE
I hate yuppies.

CLAIRE
I see.

DANE
(points)
How 'bout if I shot that car body out there?

Claire looks. 100 yards away is an old Ford Pinto body.

CLAIRE
Doesn't seem so hard.

DANE
(points)
Not that car, that car, there, fifteen hundred meters.

Far off on the edge of the horizon is a tiny black speck. Claire squints.

CLAIRE
Is that a car?

Dane FIRES and OBLITERATES the speck.

DANE
Not any more.

CLAIRE
Impressive.

GRAHAM
(proudly)
We call him God.

CLAIRE
This has all been very nice, but I was hoping for something more than the standard VIP tour.

65 CONTINUED: 65

A slow grin spreads across Curran's face. He exchanges a look with Graham.

CURRAN
I think I can arrange something.

65A INT - KILLHOUSE - DAY 65A(X)

A roofless building. The walls are lined with sand-field tires. Cutout figures of "good guys" and "bad guys" stand around the room. Curran sits Claire in a bullet riddled chair in the center of the room, between two "bad guys". He positions himself behind her, putting his hands on her shoulders. She looks at him quizically. He smiles.

CURRAN
Ready?

Suddenly four SEALs BURST into the room and begin firing live rounds. The "bad guy" cutouts are shredded by the automatic gunfire. Claire flinches in fright at the unexpected mayhem. Curran presses tightly down on her shoulders, holding her in her safe position. She uncontrollably grabs his hand for protection, digging in her nails. The firing stops after just seconds. The SEALs yell: "Clear... Clear... Clear..."

CURRAN
(smiling innocently)
Is this more what you had in mind?

Ad libs as Curran introduces Leary, Ramos, Rexer and Graham. Claire relaxes her grip on Curran, and we can see that she was frightened, but thrilled.

66-68 OMIT 66 - 68 OM

69 EXT - DRINKING ESTABLISHMENT - DUSK 69

Leary and Graham are sitting at a table drinking beer amidst a crowded room. In the b.g., through long plate glass windows, people are dining in a patio area overlooking the busy and colorful Norfolk Harbor. Graham looks troubled.

GRAHAM
Maybe a Christmas wedding will give us a little more time...

69 CONTINUED: 69

LEARY
Let it go, Graham. As much as I love you, you're starting to piss me off.

GRAHAM
Sorry.

Graham wrestles with something.

GRAHAM
I don't like to admit this but...I haven't had that many opportunities...you know...with women...

LEARY
You mean you haven't been laid as much as you'd have liked. Joint the male half of the human race.

GRAHAM
But my point is, ever since I got engaged, women, sometimes even beautiful women, have been popping up everywhere...and popping up available.

LEARY
You're under a lot of pressure. You must be hallucinating.

GRAHAM
Where have these women been?!

HAWKINS
What women? Where?

Hawkins appears behind them.

HAWKINS
Let me buy you guys a drink. (X)

Hawkins sits.

GRAHAM
You know I'm not allowed to talk to you until after the wedding.

HAWKINS
You mean to tell me you let that...

Suddenly Jolena appears, in waitress garb.

JOLENA
That what, Hawkins?

69 CONTINUED: 69

HAWKINS
That incredibly warm, sweet, wonderful fiancee of yours - Jolena.

Hawkins gruns. Jolena looks at him with scorn.

JOLENA
Roll up your pants Hawkins, it's too late to save your shoes.

Jolena stares at Hawkins until...

HAWKINS
(standing)
Love ya babe, gotta go, I think I see an old friend.

Hawkins kisses Jolena on the cheek and walks away from the table. He looks out the door onto the patio area. Spotting something, he smiles broadly and strides to...

69A INT - PAYPHONE AREA - NIGHT 69A(X)

Hawkins is on the payphone.

HAWKINS
Message center? This is Captain Dunne.

70 INT. - RESTAURANT - NIGHT 70(X)

Curran and Claire are having dessert as Hawkins walks up the them, grinning at Claire.

HAWKINS
(continued)
Well hello. Haven't we met?

Curran groans, almost audibly.

CLAIRE
Aren't you involved with some escort service?

HAWKINS
Washington airport, right?

Slaps Curran on shoulder.

HAWKINS
(continued)
Good work, ol' buddy.

70 CONTINUED: 70

CURRAN
Claire Verens. Dale Hawkins.

CLAIRE
Are you a SEAL also, Mr. Hawkins?

Hawkins pulls up a chair and sits.

HAWKINS
You got it.

Claire is amused by his brash manner. She decides to play with him a bit.

CLAIRE
And do you share Lt. Curran's fascination with the Mid-East?

HAWKINS
You mean Lebanon? Nah.

CLAIRE
You haven't been there, I take it?

HAWKINS
Who in their right mind would go there? Rags knockin' each other off like it's the national past-time.

CLAIRE
Rags?

HAWKINS
Ragheads. A-rabs.

Claire's body language has changed.

HAWKINS
(continued)
I think they're all half nuts. As far as I'm concerned they can keep blowin' each other's heads off till they're all wasted. Maybe then we'll get some peace.

He notices her tenseness.

HAWKINS
(continued)
I say something wrong?

CLAIRE
I happen to be half "rag" myself. My mother's Lebanese.

70 CONTINUED: 70

HAWKINS
(recovering with incredible speed)
I knew THAT. I KNEW that. I was puttin' you on. I mean, Lebanese women are the msot beautiful women in the world, and I knew as soon as I saw you that you were--

CURRAN
Can the bullshit, Hawkins.

HAWKINS
(All innocence)
I knew it!

Suddenly Curran's beeper goes off. He pulls it up and reads the digital readout.

CURRAN
Damn. Capt. Dunne wants me at HQ.

HAWKINS
That's too bad.

Curran reaches into his pocket, pulls out a few bills, and hands them to Claire.

CURRAN
I'm sorry, I have to leave. This should cover dinner and cab fare back to your hotel.

Claire shoves the bill back.

CLAIRE
I can take care of it.

Hawkins grabs the bills.

HAWKINS
Perfect solution. You pay for dinner and I'll giver her a ride.

CURRAN
(pulling the bills back)
Better idea. You cover dinner (to Hawkins) and you... (peels off a bill and hands it to Claire) take a cab.

Curran then gives Hawkins a warn off look, turns and leaves.

70 CONTINUED: 70

HAWKINS
(staring after Curran)
He can sometimes be a very difficult guy. So...(turning to Claire with a cat who ate the canary grin) where were we...

Claire looks into the face of a grinning madman.

71 & 72 OMITTED (MUCH OF THE DIALOGUE ABSORBED INTO EXISTING/REMAINING SC. 70) (X)

73 INT/EXT ATLANTIC AVENUE - NIGHT 73(X)

The GTO rolls down Atlantic Avenue

HAWKINS
I grew up in the wetback section of Fresno.

CLAIRE
Aren't they called Mexicans?

Hawkins hits his head.

HAWKINS
You gonna actually make me think before I talk?

CLAIRE
I'm sure that would be a first.

Hawkins looks at Claire shakes his head.

HAWKINS
So anyway my Mom taught school and my Dad, when he did work, supervised fruit pickers. He used to drive around the fields in a golf cart. A Jap...enese mine blew both his feet off so he couldn't get around too well. He thinks I'm nuts for being a full time frogman.

Hawkins turns and grins at Claire.

74 EXT - BEACH - NIGHT 74

The GTO turns off Atlantic Avenue and crosses over the boardwalk... all the way onto the sandy beach. (X)

CLAIRE
Where are you going?

74 CONTINUED: 74

HAWKINS
I'm taking you the scenic route.

The car comes to a stop in the soft sand. (X)

CLAIRE
What's happening?

HAWKINS
I'm not sure.

He leans over and tries to kiss her. She pulls back. (X)

CLAIRE
What the hell do you think you're doing?

HAWKINS
What's wrong?

CLAIRE
What's right?

HAWKINS
Our undeniable attraction toward each other.

CLAIRE
Undeniable? Do I have a vote?

HAWKINS
O.K. Maybe I'm rushing things.

CLAIRE
Let's get something straight. You're a very attractive and sometimes amusing guy, but I'm not even remotely interested. Now, if you don't mind, would you please take me back to my hotel.

HAWKINS
Does this mean you're not going to sleep with me tonight?

Claire looks at him incredulously and then, despite herself, laughs. She motions for the car.

74A EXT - ATLANTIC AVENUE - NIGHT 74A(X)

CU Curran as he drives his jeep rapidly down the avenue. Something catches his eye of the left.

74B EXT. - HILTON HOTEL - NIGHT 74B(X)

POV Hawkins as he pulls his GTO out of the driveway, hitting Atlantic Avenue traveling in the opposite direction.

75 EXT - ATLANTIC AVENUE - NIGHT 75(X)

Curran pulls a U-turn in the middle of Atlantic Avenue, intercepting Hawkins in the GTO. Curran jumps out and runs to Hawkins, who gets out of his car. Traffic on the street is completely blocked as the two talk.

HAWKINS
You upset about something?

CURRAN
Listen, you dumb bastard, I'd like to see you think once, just once, with your brain instead of your cock.

HAWKINS
All is fair in love and war...

CURRAN
Everything's a fucking game to you. That woman could have information which would help locate Shaheed.

HAWKINS
Oh, yeah, and like the CIA has somehow overlooked her, right? What are you, a goddamn spook now, Curran? Jesus Christ, I tell you to make something happen and I create a fuckin' James Bond!

CURRAN
I need what she knows, Hawkins.

HAWKINS
(with a leer)
That's all you need? Just what she knows?

CURRAN
You are totally brain dead.

76 EXT - MARINA - DAY 76(X)

Hawkins emerges from his car carrying a box of donuts and walks down the dock.

77 INT. - CURRAN'S HOUSEBOAT - DAY 77(X)

Curran has spead some photos on the table. Claire stands looking at them.

CLAIRE
Where did you get these?

CURRAN
Friend.

CLAIRE
Who are they supposed to be?

CURRAN
I want you to tell me.

CLAIRE
(laughs)
I don't even know half of them.

CURRAN
Persian Gulf gangsters, black marketeers, smugglers, some with known ties to...

She has picked up one of the photos.

CLAIRE
He's not. This man is a legitimate businessman. Your "friend" must have him confused with his brother.

CURRAN
Navy Intelligence strikes again. Who's his brother?

CLAIRE
Mohammed Habib. He's a smuggler.

CURRAN
Arms procurer?

Claire realizes what Curran is looking for and her answers are non-committal.

CLAIRE
He's been known to.

CURRAN
For Ben Shaheed?

Claire does not answer... but the silence is telling. Hawkins appears behind her from the door, eating a donut.

HAWKINS
So why don't we just go in there and grab ol' Habib and squeeze some information outa him?

77 CONTINUED: 77

CLAIRE
Is that why you asked me here? To be part of some illegal kidnapping operation?

HAWKINS
(with a winning smile)
Nope. I just now thought that up.

CLAIRE
Well, it's a dumb idea. These people are religious zealots. There is no way you could make them talk.

There is a moment's silence. Claire notices that Curran is staring thoughtfully out the window. She catches his eye.

CURRAN
You told me that everything in the Mid-East revolves around family. Suppose we had his brother?

HAWKINS
I don't know. If you grabbed my brother I'd probably let you keep him.

But Claire is staring at Curran in anger.

CURRAN
Hey, they do it. They take hostages. They hang...

CLAIRE
And that makes it allright? My God! And what do you think their reprisal will be?

HAWKINS
We do it right, there won't be anyone left to reprise.

CLAIRE
(steaming)
That kind of thinking is how we got into this mess! Killing leads to more killing and...

CURRAN
(forcefully)
Claire, they've got over a dozen Stinger missiles. And they're gonna use 'em, Claire. They're gonna use 'em!

77A - 77C OMIT 77A - 77C OMI

77D EXT. - ROOF - DAY 77D

TWO MEN, carrying a large metal case, emerge from a stairwell to the top of a three story building. The surrounding buildings and streets suggest the location might be a suburb of a large Southern European city. The men set down the case, open it, and rapidly assemble a large weapon...

One of the men checks his watch and nods to the other, who lifts the missile launcher to his shoulder and starts sighting...

SIGHT - A private jet appears between the crosshairs...

WHOOSH - The missile explodes off the man's shoulder... The men quickly put the launcher into the case and rush down the stairs as...

The missile locks into the jet... The men hurriedly jumlp in a BMW...

The missile swiftly closes in on the jet...

The car drives down a crowded street...

77E INT. - SEAL COMMAND CENTER DAY ROOM - DAY 77E

The SEALS intently watch a television monitor.

NEWS ANCHOR
(V.O.)
To recap our lead story. A private jet carrying an Algerian negotiating committee was shot down this morning as it left the Madrid Airport. Seven passengers and two crew members were killed.

Curran angrily throws a plastic coffee cup across the room and heads for the door.

DUNNE
Curran...!

But he is gone.

77F INT. - HOTEL ROOM - DAY 77F

Claire has been stopped in the middle of packing by the same television newscast. She sits on the bed and watches.

77F CONTINUED: 77F

NEWS ANCHOR
(V.O.)
Unconfirmed reports say that the weapon which downed the plane was an American built, hand-held missile, called a Stinger.

Claire reacts.

NEWS ANCHOR
(T.V.)
One of the men responsible for the attack and captured by police claims that there will be many more such assaults.

Claire is tense and troubled as she crosses to the set and snaps it off.

77G EXT. - HOTEL - DAY 77G

Curran pulls up in his jeep and runs inside.

78 INT. - HOTEL HALL - DAY 78 (X)

Claire is just coming out her room door with her luggage when Curran grabs her and pulls her back into her room. She is very angry.

CURRAN
We gotta talk.

79 INT - HOTEL ROOM - DAY 79 (X)

CLAIRE
I'm going to break this story, Lieutenant.

CURRAN
Great. Nine people are dead, Claire.

CLAIRE
And your operation will kill how many more?

CURRAN
Look, someone's going after those missiles. Don't jeopardize their lives.

CLAIRE
I'm a reporter. I...

79 CONTINUED: 79.

CURRAN
(fed up)
Okay then, sit on your butt and report the rest of the people who are gonna be murdered by those missiles. And make sure you get the ages of the kids right.

Curran starts for the door.

CLAIRE
Jim...

He stops.

CLAIRE
(continued)
No story.

CURRAN
(softly)
Thanks.

There is a moment where both look at each other, realizing that they are swept up in circumstances beyond their control, and each understands where the other is coming from.

79A INT. - PENTAGON - DAY 79A

Meeting in an Office of Navy Intelligence conference room are Dunne, Curran, Elmore, West, Mateen, Admiral Colker and Stinson. Curran has photos of the Habib brothers on the table in front of him. He holds one up.

CURRAN
This is Mohammed Habib, an arms merchant with close ties to Ben Shaheed. He knows where the Stingers are. He won't talk.

Holds up the other photo.

CURRAN
(continued)
This is his brother. He doesn't know about the missiles, but if we have him, there's a good chance Mohammed will give us the information we need.

STINSON
You're suggesting we kidnap a foreign national?

79A CONTINUED: 79A

MATEEN
Why don't you just put a gun to the heads of our hostages?

ELMORE
This may be the wrong question for this distinguished group, but do we have a moral justification for this?

WEST
(raising his voice, waving a folder)
Gentlemen... Gentlemen! I think I can solve all our problems here. We HAVE a CIA contact in Lebanon, who is related by marriage to Assad Fahladi, one of the higher-ups in the Al Shuhada. We've been looking for an opportunity to get our guy out of Lebanon without blowing his cover.

STINSON
(to Dunne and Curran)
If you can make it look like a kidnapping and keep it COMPLETELY non-attributable to the United States, we could kill two birds with one stone.

ADMIRAL
The only question I'm concerned with is -- what's the probability of the success of such a mission?

DUNNE
Our estimates are in the solid 90's. Lt. Curran figures higher.

Stinson sighs, leans back in his chair and churns his brain. He turns to Curran and Dunne.

STINSON
Gentlemen, it's in your hands. Be smart, but better than that... be good.

Curran looks at Dunne with an expression of satisfaction.

80 INT - SITUATION ROOM - DAY 80 (X)

Curran briefs the Team. He points at an aerial photo.

80 CONTINUED: 80

CURRAN
Here's where he lives, Tyre, just south of Beirut. 3 city blocks from shoreline. A quick HALO drop, snatch and grab, and we're out.

Murmurs among the Team members.

CURRAN
O.K., listen up. Let's talk it one last time.

Curran turns with a pointer to a scale model of Walid's villa:

CURRAN
(continued)
Leary and I?

LEARY
Back wall to roof, in on third floor.

CURRAN
Dane...

DANE
Side wall to second floor.

CURRAN
Hawkins and Graham...

HAWKINS
Front door. First floor.

RAMOS
I got the street to the south.

REXER
Street to the north.

CURRAN
Whoever grabs him, bring him to first floor. We all go out the south. This guy doesn't know we're coming, but he's on CIA payroll... I'll give him a codeword; he won't resist. We want to avoid use of extreme force. I'd be happy if there were no shots fired.

HAWKINS
No prob. We'll just use strong language.

Curran gives him a look.

80 CONTINUED: 80

CURRAN
You people on first floor and street level collapse on us if there is a problem. Do not extend your positions. Remember, we keep this tight. We go in tight, we go out tight. (pause) Okay, that's it. H-Hour is at 21:00.

81 EXT - AIR FIELD - DAY 81

We HEAR the ear-splitting WHINE of turbo prop engines as a giant C130 transport plane waits on the runway. TITLE:

"Nicosia, Cyprus, 18:30 hrs"

Captain Dunne walks Curran to the plane:

DUNNE
Assuming the rest of it goes okay, the big thing to worry about is the extraction. We're extracting in a Zodiac boats. (X)
It will be on radar the second we start in, so we only get one pass at it. If you're not on time to the second you'll have to hitch a ride.

82 EXT - RUNWAY - DAY 82

The C130 takes off...

83 EXT - SKY - DAY 83

The huge C130 climbs far up into the clouds of the black forbidding sky...

84 INT - TROOP COMPARTMENT, C130 - DUSK 84

In flight. The SEALs, in chutes, air bottles, and full equipment, sit on the nylon jump seats in various positions, some poring over maps, others checking gear. Dane sits next to Leary. (X)

DANE
(quietly)
I hate to jump out of a perfectly good airplane. (X)

LEARY
You don't gotta love it, you just gotta do it.

84A EXT. STRATOSPHERE - DUSK 84A

A full moon. The C130 flies into stratosphere, far, far above the cloud cover, on the edge of space. We HEAR the C130 Pilot's VOICE:

C130 (V.O.)
"Uh, Black Fire this is X-ray. Come in."

84 B EXT. - SKY ABOVE MEDITERRANEAN - DUSK 84B

A U.S. Air Force AWAC with its giant radome on top, flies over the shimmering, moonlit water.

AWAC (V.O.)
"X-ray, this is Black Fire 6. We are open and ready for business."

C130 (V.O.)
"Uh, Iron Rifle, this is X-Ray. Awac has acquired."

84 C INT. - TROOP COMPARTMENT, C130 - DUSK 84C

A CREWMAN turns and starts forward, passing Rexer and Ramos.

REXER
What's our altitude?

CREWMAN
About 30,000. Jumping from 6 miles up. You guys are crazy.

RAMOS
And proud of it.

84 D EXT - SKY OVER MEDITERRANEAN - DUSK 84 D(X)

AWAC (V.O.)
"X-Ray, this is Black Fire 6. You are approaching launch point."

85 INT - TROOP COMPARTMENT - DUSK 85

Curran turns to the Team, putting on his helmet, yells:

CURRAN
Are we good to go? (X)

The SEALs start yelling. All except Dane, who is sweating so profusely his goggles are fogging up.

85 CONTINUED: 85

REXER
Hey, man, what's with the goggles? You look like you're underwater already. (X)

Dane jams a forefinger into Rexer's forehead.

DANE
Yuppie! (X)

86 INT - TROOP COMPARTMENT - DUSK 86

The SEALs stand by the rear cargo bay, fully outfitted, oxygen masks in place. The rear cargo door opens.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)
"Depressurizing."

CURRAN
Alright, gentlemen -- on green.

The SEALs poise themselves on the ramp. The light goes yellow, then:

HAWKINS
One more thing.

They turn and look at Hawkins, who frowns, mock-stern:

HAWKINS
For God's sake, be careful out there. (X)

They share a moment's laugh. Dane feels someone checking his rig. Rexer leans over and whispers in Dane's ear:

REXER
Doesn't look good. I wouldn't jump it.

Dane turns around with a panicked expression, when the light goes green and:

GRAHAM
Go! Go! Go

The SEALs, including a hyperventilating Dane, run down the ramp and into the purple sky as...

87 EXT - STRATOSPHERE - SUNSET 87

The stratosphere, like outer space -- a full moon, bright crystal stars, and a fading sun provide a breathtaking backdrop... The SEALs drift from the C130 in a line and free-fall, the rushing air drowning out all sound except:

87 CONTINUED: 87

AWAC (V.O.)
"Jump has commenced."

The SEALs fly in a circular formation...They check their altimeters.

AWAC (V.O.)
"Altitude two thousand feet, airspeed 130 knots, approaching point of primary deployment." (X)

Curran signals SEALs to spread and open chutes.

CLOSE ON Dane who is the first to pull. When his chute pops out he does a little victory dance...

The SEALs pull their ripcords and the chutes explode from their backs into wing-shaped, para-foil canopies...

The SEALs fly in wedge formation, like hang-gliders, gliding forward and down, the cloud cover stretching out like a floor beneath them...

Suddenly:

CURRAN (V.O.)
"Graham's got a streamer!!"

Oh Graham's chute as it collapses in on itself. He starts plunging down toward the ocean.

CURRAN (V.O.)
"Release! Release!"

Graham continues to plummet.

CURRAN (V.O.)
"Graham, dammit! Cut away! Cut away!

The streamer separates from Graham's harness as gravity sucks him closer to the ocean.

CURRAN (V.O.)
"Pull!! Now!!"

Finally, a mere 50 feet above the water, Graham's emergency chute POPS open...

Seconds later he HITS the water hard...

Soon after, the other SEALs touch down in the ocean. Curran looks around frantically for Graham... Finally, appearing almost right next to him, giving him a thumb to palm O.K. sign Graham surfaces, a big grin on his face.

88 EXT - UNDERWATER - TWILIGHT 88

The infinite emerald green is torn open by a giant white splash as the SEALs plunge into the water.

AWAC (V.O.)
"Touchdown - they're on their own."

They quickly slip out of their parachute harnesses and start swimming inland...

89 EXT - HARBOR BEHIND VILLA - NIGHT 89

A small sleepy harbor. The SEALs surface in the center of the harbor and tread water in a circle, pulling off their face masks. Curran points:

CURRAN
There it is.

The lights of the port city of Tyre stretch out in front of them.

CURRAN
Everybody good?

REXER
Golden.

CURRAN
Keep it tight.

They move out.

89 A EXT. - STREET NEAR VILLA - NIGHT 89A

As the team approaches the villa, a jeep bearing miltia appears. The team takes cover until it passes.

90 EXT - VILLA - NIGHT 90

Team splits into assigned groups as it hits villa.

91 EXT - VILLA ROOF - NIGHT 91

Curran and Leary come over a wall and onto the roof. They go over the side and slip into a third floor window.

92 EXT - WALL - NIGHT 92

Dane reaches a second floor window from wall, opens it with a glass cutter.

93 INT - FRONT OF VILLA - NIGHT 93

Hawkins and Graham kick in the front door and enter.

Ramos takes cover behind a wrecked car.

93 A EXT - FURTHER DOWN STREET - NIGHT 93 A

Rexer takes cover in some bushes.

94 INT - SECOND FLOOR BATHROOM - NIGHT 94

Dane enters the bathroom through window and sees someone approaching through the frosted glass doors.

95 INT - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT 95

Curran and Leary move toward a well-lit room...

95 A EXT - STREET IN FRONT OF VILLA - NIGHT 95 A

A BODYGUARD, in shirtsleeves, carrying an AK-47, comes out of the doorway. He stretches and begins to walk toward the wrecked car Ramos is hiding behind.

95 B EXT - DRIVEWAY/ANGLE ON RAMOS - NIGHT 95 B

Ramos sees the bodyguard and gets lower behind the car.

95 C INT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 95 C

A female COOK is giving a young BOY something to eat. Hawkins and Graham suddenly burst in, leveling weapons at them; Graham holds his finger to his lips. They stare at the SEALs, terrified. Hawkins motions them toward the door leading to the front of the house.

96 INT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 96

WALID reclines on the bed, placidly watching television. A gun barrel touches his forehead.

PULLBACK TO:

SCENE.

It is Curran's weapon at Walid's head. Curran puts a hand on Walid's mouth. Walid sits up with a start, but Leary covers him:

CURRAN
Regular or unleaded.

96 CONTINUED: 96

A sudden look of relief on Walid's face, as he recognizes the bona fide code.

WALID
Fill it up. I got a long trip.

Curran nods as Leary zipstrips Walid. Looking up at the television, Leary mutters:

LEARY
"Mr. Ed"... You fuck.

96 A EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF VILLA - NIGHT 96A

A militia jeep with two armed men pulls up in the street across from the villa. The men speak the the bodyguard, whom they obviously know.

Behind the wrecked car, making himself as small as possible.

97 INT - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT 97 (X)

The Cook and Boy are zipstripped. Hawkins looks out front and sees the Bodyguard and Militiamen.

HAWKINS
Shit!

Hawkins motions for Graham to cover the Cook and Boy. Graham silently motions protest, but Hawkins is gone -- gliding quickly to a side window and sliding out.

97 A EXT - STREET - NIGHT 97 A(X)

One militiaman sits in the jeep while the Bodyguard and other militiaman are walking away from the jeep, talking and laughing. They are almost on top of Ramos. Suddenly we HEAR yelling in Arabic.

The boy is running out the front door yelling for help.

Exits the Villa front door, chasing after him.

Militiaman in jeep fire on Graham, killing him. Ramos fires on Bodyguard from under car. Bodyguard and Militiaman return fire.

98 INT - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 98 (X)

Curran, Leary, and Dane are bringing Walid downstairs. When firing breaks out, Dane breaks off and heads for second floor window.

98A EXT. - FRONT OF VILLA - NIGHT 98A

Hawkins suddenly stands up from bushes near car and fires on Bodyguard and second Militiaman, killing both. Militiaman at jeep fires at Hawkins.

98B INT. - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 98B

Dane calmly takes aim and picks off militiaman in jeep. It is suddenly quiet.

99 EXT - VILLA - NIGHT 99 (X)

Curran and Leary burst out of the front door with Walid. Graham lies in a pool of blood on the front lawn. The team moves to him. Leary drops and searches for throat pulse. He looks up at Curran and shakes his head. All are stunned. Hawkins is in shock. No one seems able to move. The yells of the boy can be heard in the distance, where he has run. Finally Curran speaks.

CURRAN
What the fuck happened?

HAWKINS
Graham went for the kid.

CURRAN
How'd the kid get out?

No answer.

REXER
Lieutenant, we got five minutes to extract.

CURRAN
How the fuck'd he get out, Hawkins?

REXER
Lieutenant...

CURRAN
Extract. Now.

They all move except Hawkins, who continues to stare at Graham. Curran grabs Hawkins by the shirt.

CURRAN
Now, goddammit! Now!

Hawkins moves. Curran lifts Graham onto his shoulders, and with Walid in tow, the team trots down the street.

100 EXT - OPEN WATER - DAWN 100

Zodiac boat speeds toward a waiting destroyer. Curran stands next to Graham's body as if he were guarding it. Hawkins stares, almost in disbelief, at the lifeless form. As the buffeting waves cause Graham's head to bump on the deck Curran kneels down and holds his head protectively.

101 EXT - GREENHOUSE - DAY 101

A grim-face Curran walks past the camera down a long path betwen two thick swatches of vibrant red and yellow tulips. From a distance we are on Curran's slumped shoulders as he heads toward Jolena who is kneeling down, planting bulbs.

She looks up, sees Curran, smiles and stands. He puts hit hand on her shoulder and speaks to her. Suddenly her mouth opens and she starts collapsing to the ground. Curran catches her land holds her close.

101A INT - RAVEN BAR - DAY 101A*

Curran drinks alone.

102 EXT - CEMETERY - DAY 102

Pull down from a overcast sky, with black cumulus clouds, and lightning, to the SEAL Task Force, in dress blues, standing in rows next to a flag draped coffin. Behind them are an assortment of civilians, including Jolena. Curran, Hawkins, (still looking in shock) and Dunne stand next to the body as a CHAPLAIN in vestments concludes his service.

CHAPLAIN
...and so take this noble warrior, who gave his life in defense of his country's values and beliefs and his fellow brethren's freedom, into your all consuming spirit and everlasting light. May he rest in eternal peace. Amen.

ALL
Amen.

DRILL CAPTAIN
Fire one.

A row of riflemen stand out and fire three times...

A bugler plays taps as the SEALs salute...

Hawkins and Curran stare across at each other, eyes blazing with anger and hurt...

The flag is folded into a triangle. Dunne carries it over and hands it to Graham's MOTHER. *

Curran takes Jolena's arm and is walking her toward car.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

The truth, Curran. I have a right to know. How did he die?

CURRAN
I told you. It was a training accident.

JOLENA
Bullshit.

CURRAN
You know we use live ammunition.

JOLENA
You're lying, Curran.

He doesn't reply.

JOLENA
(continued)
You can take all that classified unsung hero crap and shove it.

CURRAN
Jolena...

Curran puts his arm around her.

JOLENA
He really thought... he really believed I was beautiful.

102A EXT - RAVEN BAR - NIGHT 102A

The raining and lightning is intense.

103 INT - RAVEN BAR - NIGHT 103

Wake scene to be inserted. Ends with:

HAWKINS
To Hawkins, the best friend a man could have.

Curran stares at Hawkins with revulsion, turns and walks out the door.

103A EXT. - BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT 103A

Curran and Hawkins fight in the rain and mud. Ends with:

103A CONTINUED: 103A

CURRAN
Get off my team, Hawkins! Get off, you hotshot prick, before you get another man killed!

104 EXT. - MARINA (NORFOLK HARBOR) - NIGHT 104

We follow Curran, dripping wet, as he walks along a row of eclectically designed houseboats. In the b.g. we see lights outlining the giant dark shapes of U.S. Navy ships; destroyers, frigates, and aircraft carriers. The rain is still falling insistently as...

105 EXT. - HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT 105

Curran walks down a protruding dock. He stops for a moment, surprised, seeing:

Claire - waiting for him under the houseboat's awning...

He continues forward and he passes her:

CURRAN
What do you want?

CLAIRE
I want to talk.

Curran continues onto the boat.

CURRAN
I'm not in the mood.

He pulls out a key and fits it into the lock of his front door.

CLAIRE
You did it, didn't you? You kidnapped someone.

He pushes the door open.

CURRAN
Please, leave me alone.

Curran goes inside, closing the door behind him. Claire walks onto the houseboat determinedly, pushes the door open and follows...

106 INT. - HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT 106

Inside, Claire peers through the darkness at Curran.

106 CONTINUED: 106

CLAIRE
I feel compromised and used. And I don't like that feeling.

CURRAN
(quietly)
There's nothing I could say that would make you feel better.

Claire reaches over and flips on the light. She's sees Curran's face for the first time.

CLAIRE
What happened?

CURRAN
Please, leave.

Curran turns the light back off and sits on the couch. There is enough light for Claire to see Curran beginning to shiver. He pulls a blankeet around him and curls tightly into the couch. Claire walks across the room and sits next to him. She stares at him a long beat.

CLAIRE
Who did you lose out there?

Harbor lights, refracting through water rivulets, illuminate Curran's face as he looks out the window. She puts her hand to his face. Neither speak, neither moves... until finally Curran turns and looks at Claire, she is very close now. Finally he pulls her toward him, kissing her. Gently at first, then with passion and...

107 EXT. - BEIRUT - DAY 107

The jagged, jarring skyline of Beirut. There are a few isolated EXPLOSIONS in the distance and the sounds of sporadic ARTILLERY FIRE as we pull down and over to a four story BUILDING, one side of which has been bombed out. An ambulance with its SIREN WAILING wends its way through the rubble in front of the building as...

108 INT - BUILDING - DAY 108

Ben Shaheed peers out the window as the siren moves off. He turns around and faces four ARAB MEN sitting around the table. (The dialogue is in Arabic, subtitled).

SHAHEED
We must speed up the training. The missiles have to be dispersed.

A lean, bearded MAN leans forward.

108 CONTINUED: 108

MAN
We have much enthusiasm, but few qualified trainers.

SHAHEED
Double your efforts. Even Western intelligence sometimes gets lucky.

Shaheed shifts his gaze to AMAL FAHLADI, a porcine man with angry eyes.

SHAHEED
That will be all.

As the men rise and walk to the door, Shaheed approaches Fahladi and puts his hand on his shoulder.

SHAHEED
I'm sorry about your brother-in-law's kidnapping.

FAHLADI
Who did it?

SHAHEED
We suspect the Phalange, but perhaps not.

Fahladi nods and then heads down the steps. Shaheed stares after him.

109 EXT. - BUILDING - DAY 109

Fahladi climbs in the back seat of a shiny, black Mercedes, and motions his DRIVER forward. A BODYGUARD, an automatic weapon sits in the passenger seat.

110 EXT. - STREET - DAY 110

The Mercedes winds its way slowly through rubble strewn streets...

Suddenly, an ambulance pulls alongside. The windows roll down...

GUNMEN, with AK-47s, fire into the Mercedes, instantly killing the driver and bodyguard in the front seat.

The Mercedes rolls up a mound of dirt, almost turning on it's side...

Three gunmen jump out of the ambulance, run over to the Mercedes and oopen the door. Inside Fahladi cowers on the floor. They pull him out, hustle him over to the ambulance and push him inside....

110 CONTINUED: 110

The Chevy squeals away.

110A INT. - CHEVY - DAY 110A

Three gun nozzles are pointed toward Fahladi's head as his eyes bulge out in fear.

GUNMAN
(In Arabic, subtitled)
If you ever wish to see your brother-in-law again you will give us the information we need.

110B INT - HOUSEBOAT - DAWN 110B

Curran, alone in bed, stares at a crack of light coming from a door across the room. Suddenly the phone RINGS. Curran leans over and picks the phone up.

CURRAN
Hello...Yes, I'm fine...

Curran sits up, listening intently, as Claire walks out of the bathroom, buttoning up her blouse.

CURRAN
Yes sir, I'll be right in.

Curran hangs up the phone. Claire stands across the room from him. (X)

CLAIRE
Back to work? The next big mission?

Curran grabs a bathrobe and swings out of bed.

CURRAN
So much for post-coital pillow talk.

Claire appears a little frazzled, upset.

CLAIRE
Last night didn't change a thing...

CURRAN
Are you going to call me Lieutenant again?

Claire stares at him, tries to say something, can't Finally Curran walks over and puts his arms around her.

CURRAN
Thanks.

Claire separates herself from Curran.

111 INT - SITUATION ROOM - DAY 111

Curran stands at a map addressing the Team:

CURRAN
In a ruined tenement house on Rafiq Street in the Shiite slums...
(takes a breath)
...of South Beirut.

Team members react with low murmurs. (X)

111 CONTINUED: 111

REXER
That's the Al Shuhada's front yard, right Lieutenant? (X)

CURRAN
Yeah. But everybody plays there. Shiites, Christians, Druze, Palestinians, and God knows how many hundreds of minor factions, all shooting at each other. Plus the Syrian Army in Soviet armor, hosing down anything that moves. (X)

RAMOS
What are our chances of reaching target? (X)

CURRAN
Decent. Real decent, actually. (X)

LEARY
And gettin' out? (X)

CURRAN
(pause)
Marginal.

The SEALs react, exchanging looks, then:

REXER
Well, that sort of clears the air.

Curran taps the map.

CURRAN
Study the landmarks.

He leaves the room.

111A INT - COMMAND CENTER HALLWAY - DAY 111A(X)

As Curran walks down the hall, Hawkins approaches. He stops in front of Curran and holds papers out to him.

HAWKINS
I'm transferrin' out of here. I need your signature.

Curran takes the papers and tears them in half.

CURRAN
I need YOU.

He stares hard at Hawkins.

111A CONTINUED: 111A

CURRAN
(continued)
Graham paid a hell of a price for your educatin. You wanna throw it away?

He walks past Hawkins.

112 OMITTED 112

113 OMITTED 113

114 EXT - AT SEA - NIGHT 114

The night sea and the massive silhouette of the aircraft carrier USS Dwight D. Eisenhower looms on the horizon. TITLE:

"MEDITERRANEAN SEA, 24:00 HRS"

114A EXT/INT - ELEVATOR TO CARRIER DECK - NIGHT 114A

In front of the deadly serious SEALs, Curran refers to map.

CURRAN
Once again, this is extremely important. We destroy the missiles and cross north of the airport to the beach here. There'll be a submarine one klick offshore until dawn. Any foulups, any reason we don't get to lthe beach before sunrise, we hole up until the following night for pickup... (X)

Dunne bursts into the room.

Curran is pacing when a young ensign runs in and hands Dunne a piece of paper. Dunne reads it, looks up and nods.

DUNNE
Washington finally figured how many people have to sign off on this thing. We're green light.

The SEALs applaud.

CURRAN
We're already two hours behind!

114A CONTINUED: 114A

DUNNE
If you're not comfortable with the time, you have full authority to abort.

Ad libs yells, "No way", "Pussies exit left", etc. Curran steels Dunne a look.

CURRAN
We're good to go, sir. (X)

115 EXT - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT 115

We HEAR the high whine of helicopter turbines as the SEALs, in tan Syrian Army fatigues and carrying AK-47s, climb into a blacked-out CH47. Dunne shakes Curran's hand...

Curran nods and climbs on board...

The flight deck CREWMAN raises his hands and the chopper lifts off into the night...

116 INT - HELICOPTER - NIGHT 116

Somewhere far off the coast and the SEALs pull a Zodiac rubber boat to lthe rear ramp of the chopper and...

116A EXT - HELICOPTER - NIGHT 116A

The SEAL team jumps off the helicopter into the water.

117 EXT - COASTLINE - NIGHT 117

A sparse outline of lights illuminate the skeleton of Beirut, a hunched, ragged skeleton of a city perched over the coast like a vulture, its silhouette occasionally altered for an instant by faint, sporadic FLASHES of RPG hits and light artillery, the incessant rattle of distant SMALL ARMS FIRE in different parts of the city collecting into one faint, continuous hum, a murmur of death...

117A EXT - SHORE - NIGHT 117A

The SEALs pull toward shore in their Zodiac, each studying the sight in the distance before them, their faces a mixture of awe and apprehension.

LEARY
You believe that?

117A CONTINUED: 117A

REXER
Warning -- trespassers will be shot, survivors will be shot again.

CURRAN
Remember, the extraction point is one mile off shore. The sub will be there until dawn. The minute the sun scrapes the water, it'll be outta here - for good.

118 EXT - BEACH - NIGHT 118

The SEALs pull their boat ashore, ditch it in a cluster of rocks, and start looking around warily.

HAWKINS
Are we in the right place?

CURRAN
Yes.

LEARY
Where's our contact?

CURRAN
We're two hours late. He's probably out of here. Let's move out.

The SEALs wrap khaki Bedouin kaffiyeh scarves around their heads, unsling their weapons, stand, and start up the beach when...

A MATCH LIGHTS, illuminating the impassive face of a 14 year old boy. He sits calmly in a car seat on the sand, an AK-47 sitting in his lap staring out at the team with his dead eyes.

CURRAN
You from Amal?

BOY
Ali.

The boy gets out of the car, turns and walks up the beach without another word. A beat, then the Team follows...

119 EXT - CORNICHE - NIGHT 119

The Team, with Ali in the lead, makes its way down the Corniche waterfront promenade past a sign with an international "No Tanks" symbol. Dane points to a nearby unattended Land Rover:

119 CONTINUED: 119

DANE
Don't we get to ride?

CURRAN
Cars get stopped. Safer to walk.

HAWKINS
This place is so weird.

120 EXT - GREEN LINE - NIGHT 120

Ali leads the Team through a vast warren of crumbling, burned-out, blown-up concrete wreckage and rubble. The SEALs look around in awe.

REXER
Dark side of the moon.

LEARY
What the hell is this?

HAWKINS
The Green Line. Dividing line between east and west Beirut. Where the action is.

Indeed, there is sporadic GUNFIRE in the distance all around them. Ali points to the different sources.

ALI
Falange... Druze... Palestinian... Syrian... Amal... Hizbollah... Al Shuahda...

Finally he points to the LIGHTS of a JET crossing over the mountains on the far side of the horizon.

ALI
Israel.

120A EXT - GREEN LINE - NIGHT 120A

The Team finishes its way across the Green Line and enters a partially burned out building. Ramos looks around with a flashlight, his beam hitting a stack of brand new Sony VCRs.

RAMOS
What the hell?

Suddenly his beam hits 4 Arab GUNMEN huddled by the VCRs...

120A CONTINUED: 120A

The scene EXPLODES into gunfire, silenced bursts strobing around the room rapidly... The firing stops. Ali stands frozen in shock. After a beat he hits his flashlight. All 4 gunmen lie motionless in various positions around the room. Ali looks at the SEALs, vaguely impressed.

CURRAN
Anybody hit?

REXER
We're good.

The SEALs start rifling the bodies, kicking away their guns. Hawkins opens a bullet-riddled knapsack out of which pours white powder.

HAWKINS
Cocaine. They're smugglers.

ALI
Druze.

One of the gunmen, playing possum, suddenly leaps up with a small Makorov pistol but Hawkins drills him before he can fire. Hawkins pries the Makarov out of the Druze's hand.

HAWKINS
Shitty little gun.

CURRAN
Keep movin'. (X)

121 EXT - THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND - NIGHT 121

The Team makes its way through the devil's playground; mounds of rubble, partial shells of buildings, burned out cars...

Suddenly a shower of bullets rains down on them...

They dive for cover...

CURRAN
Dane, see if you can work your way to high ground and give us some cover.

Dane nods and heads off into the darkness.

CURRAN
Hawkins and I will move fifty yards to the right to draw fire. The rest of you hold position and fire when ordered.

Hawkins and Curran move out.

122 EXT - HILL - NIGHT 122

Dane is perched, big rifle at the ready.

DANE
Bad Karma, this is God. I'm in position about 100 meters to the left of your position. I'm--

Suddenly a DRUZE FIGHTER springs from the darkness behind him and FIRES his AK. As the 7.62 mm slugs rip into him, Dane spins around and FIRES his rifle point blank at the Druze, blowing him back into the rubble before he himself falls into a bloody heap.

CURRAN (V.O.)
"God, this is Bad Karma..."

122A EXT - DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND - NIGHT 122A

Dane's rifle blast still echoes as Curran speaks into his radio:

CURRAN
...come in, son.

No answer. Curran and Hawkins exchange looks.

CURRAN
I'm going to check Dane out, stay put.

122B EXT - HILL - NIGHT 122B

Curran picks his way through the rubble up the hill. The eerie silence makes every jostled brick sound like a crashing boulder...

Suddenly Curran loses his footing, tumbles and slides down to a cleared out area surrounded by walls. He stands quickly and freezes... Two DRUZE FIGHTERS have their guns pointed at Curran's head. They bark a question in Arabic at him. Curran speaks quietly into his mike:

CURRAN
Race Riot, this is Bad Karma. I've got company.

One of the fighters moves closer, hardly believing what he's heard.

1ST DRUZE FIGHTER
You are American?

CURRAN
God...God...

122B CONTINUED: 122B

1ST DRUZE FIGHTER
Your god doesn't help you now!

As the 1st Druze is about to pull the trigger, an armor-piercing .50 caliber bullet SMASHES through the wall and into the 1st Druze, reducing his chest to vapor. The 2nd Druze's jaw drops as...

123 EXT - TOP OF THE HILL - NIGHT 123

Scope on thermal, a pale, bloody, but still alive Dane crouches at the top of the grandstand, cranking another round into his smoking rifle and:

DANE
All yuppies must die.

Dane FIRES...

The bullet pierces the wall and VAPORIZES the 2nd Druze...

Dane drops his rifle and falls as...

123A EXT - HILLSIDE - NIGHT 123A

Hawkins waits as Curran trots up with Dane's rifle.

HAWKINS
Dane?

CURRAN
He's dead.

On their exchange of looks.

CURRAN
Let's get out of here.

They move out.

124 EXT - SOUTH BEIRUT STREET - NIGHT 124

The Shi'ite slums of South Beirut. The first blue hint of approaching dawn shows around the edges of the horizon as the Team makes its way down the shabby street with ragged laundry hanging from every window and pictures of Khomeini plastered over every wall.

ALI
Here Al Shuhada.

HAWKINS
(looking around)
Man, you're not kidding.

124 CONTINUED: 124

CURRAN
Time?

HAWKINS
Forty two minutes.

CURRAN
We're an hour behind. We've got to move. (X)

125 EXT - STREET - NIGHT 125

They finally stop near the corner where a vigilant band of AL SHUHADA FIGHTERS have set up a checkpoint. Ali motions the SEALs into an alley and leads them to the mouth of a sewage culver. They crawl in as...

126 EXT - NEXT STREET - NIGHT 126

The other end of the culver. The SEALs crawl out and find themselves in the next street at the base of a hill, on the other side of the checkpoint.

ALI
There.

The SEALs look. At the top of the hill stands a multi storied white stoned building. Curran looks at Ali.

ALI
I go.

CURRAN
Thanks.

Curran holds out his hand. Ali stares at it with his dead eyes, then turns on his heel and walks off into the night without a word. A beat, then the SEALs start up the hill...

127 EXT - HILL - NIGHT 127

The SEALs crouch in the shadows across from the dark target building.

CURRAN
That's our baby. Time?

HAWKINS
Twenty minutes.

CURRAN
If we don't haul ass we're gonna have a missing sub. (X)

127A POV - PERISCOPE 127A

The desolate pre-dawn skyline on Beirut. Sporadic fire flashes mar the otherwise tranquil vista.

127B INT - SUBMARINE - DAWN 127B

In the tight quarters of the observation deck Dunne is anxiously looking out the scope. The SUBMARINE CAPTAIN leans over a computer readout.

SUB CAPTAIN
This boat is in a compromised position once that light hits the water. In twenty minutes, we're out of here - SEALs or no SEALs.

DUNNE
(tense)
Relax, they'll show...

128 EXT - BUILDING - DAWN 128

The building, set in an open area amidst a field of rubble, looms eerily in the cold blue light of dawn. Rexer sets the last charges against the wall while the others keep watch... Rexer turns and runs low, close to the wall back toward the SEALs...

Off to one side, Curran waits with Hawkins, holding the radio detonator.

LEARY
Look!

As if in a nightmare, 6 CHILDREN, singing and giggling appear on the sidewalk moving toward the building.

CURRAN
Shit!

They watch in horror as the children climb the stairs and enter the building. At the far end of the street more children head in the same direction.

CURRAN
Those bastards planted the missiles in a school.

HAWKINS
We've got to blow it. Now!

CURRAN
No.

128 CONTINUED: 128

HAWKINS
The longer we wait the more kids will go in that building! This is our last chance!

CURRAN
I'm going to flush those kids. If I'm not out in five minutes - blow it.

He hands the detonator to Hawkins.

HAWKINS
(with a hard look)
Why me?

CURRAN
You're the only one trigger happy enough to hit the switch when I'm in the building.

CURRAN
Understood?

Hawkins nods, disbelieving what he's hearing. Curran hand signals the other SEALs...

Hugging the wall in a crouch position he moves quickly toward the school...

He finally reaches the bombed out side of the building, ducks behind a pile of rubble and pulls a smoke grenade out of his vest...

He charges through the rubble inside...

128A INT - BUILDING STAIRS - DAWN 128A

Curran takes three stairs at a time as he sprints up to the second floor. He spins around the corner and runs into...

128B INT - CLASSROOM - DAY 128B

Curran bursts inside the school room, SCREAMING like a madman. He throws the smoke grenade in the far corner of the room...

The panicked children SCREAM as Curran tries to herd them out of the room. Frozen scared at first, they finally get the idea, pour out of the room, and...

128C INT - BUILDING STAIRS - DAWN 128C

The children run down the stairs out the front of the building. Curran follows them. He reaches the bottom entryway and looks out through the bombed section and sees...

Ben Shaheed, standing on a balcony in a building across the street, an AK-47 aimed at Curran...

On Curran as he swings his rifle up toward Shaheed...

On Shaheed as he FIRES...

Curran spins around and falls to his knees muttering under his breath:

CURRAN
I don't believe it.

Hawkins leaps from cover, his AK-47 BLASTING at Ben Shaheed, who dives back into the doorway... The other SEALs open fire dropping some of the Guards and forcing others back inside.

Hawkins, flanked by Ramos, grips the detonator tensely.

RAMOS
I think he's wasted.

HAWKINS
(not wanting to believe it)
I don't think so.

On Curran's still body tucked tight against the wall...

Then a small movement.

HAWKINS
Look, he's alive!

Curran struggles to turn sideways. He looks up the street toward Hawkins and slowly raises his fist.

HAWKINS
Damn you, Curran.

Hawkins grips the detonator tighter. Curran starts moving his fist insistently.

RAMOS
(quietly)
He wants you to hit it.

HAWKINS
Fuck him. I'm not going to blow him up and make him a hero. Here.

128C CONTINUED: 128C

He hands the detonator to Ramos.

Hawkins jams a new clip in his gun, gets in a sprint position and takes off...

He runs down the street BLASTING away at the school's doorway and windows. Bullet traces spray up around him and SPANG off the walls behind him...

Ramos, Leary, and Rexer unleash a rain of fire covering for him...

Hawkins finally reaches Curran and kneels down...

HAWKINS
You dumb stupid fuck. You dumb fuck.

On Curran as he rolls over.

CURRAN
Go on! Get out of here!

HAWKINS
Forget it, hero. I'm dragging your ass back home so I can beat the shit out of you.

Hawkins lefts him into a fireman's carry and begins zig-zagging back up the block...

Two gunmen appear in the upper floor windows of the tenement and open fire on Hawkins and Curran...

Bullets spang into the street around Hawkins feet as...

HAWKINS
(screaming)
BLOW IT, RAMOS!!

Ramos throws the switch on the detonator...

An enormous EXPLOSION and BLAST of orange light rip out the bottom floor of the building. Following rapidly after, in increasing size are six GIGANTIC, EARTH SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS as the Stingers detonate...

Hawkins is knocked off his feet, landing with Curran on top of him...

The building spits out walls of fire, smoke and debris... Leary and Rexer run up and help Hawkins and Curran back to cover...

Inside a doorway Leary rips away Curran's blood soaked uniform and applies emergency dressing as Hawkins cradles his heads. Curran moans, barely conscious.

128C CONTINUED: 2 128C

LEARY
We got an abdominal and we got a hip. Losing some serious blood.

We HEAR shouting and see, in the distance, several ARMED FIGURES approaching FIRING...

REXER
We got to get out of here.

HAWKINS
Let's move it out, now. Leary, you carry Curran.

LEARY
I got him.

Leary picks up Curran and the four SEALs dash into the street.

129 EXT - STREET - DAWN 129

The scene explodes into a running GUN BATTLE as the SEALs retreat down the next street, exchanging fire with the now-aroused AL SHUHADA FIGHTERS...

The Al Shuhada men concentrate at the head of the street and advance, FIRING...

The SEALs take up a position at the end of the street and RETURN FIRE, driving them back...

The firing stops as the Gunmen seem to disappear. Several confused moments go by, then Rexer points.

REXER
What the fuck is that?

A new Mercedes 500 SE drives up with horn honking and a white flag on the antenna. The SEALs watch in amazement as 2 middle-aged AL SHUHADA ELDERS in slacks and nylon sport shirts get out...

REVERSE angle shows the Elder on the passenger side holds an AK-47 behind the door... The Al Shuhada Elders approach the SEALs, holding out their hands and smiling unctuously, like talk show hosts. We see they have pistols tucked into their waistbands at the small of their backs.

1ST AL SHUHADA ELDER
Please, please, let us stop the killing.

129 CONTINUED: 129

As the SEALs relax their weapons, two men, without warning leap from the back seat of the Mercedes with AK-47s. The SEALs raise their guns and FIRE, killing all four men instantly.

LEARY
Let's go!

They pile into the Mercedes and take off, with Rexer driving, as...

130 EXT - STREET - DAWN 130

The Mercedes roars up to an Al Shuhada positon, the SEALs leaning out the windows and FIRING...

The Al Shuhada fighters dive for cover as the Mercedes SMASHES past them and...

Ben Shaheed yells in Arabic for the fighters to follow the Mercedes.

131 EXT - STREETS - DAWN 131

The Mercedes threads through burned out automobiles, over piles of concrete, and around rocket craters.

132 EXT/INT - MERCEDES - DAWN 132

As the Mercedes comes over a rise and the coast comes into view, Hawkins points and shouts to Rexer.

HAWKINS
That way, back toward the ocean.

Rexer swings down toward the ocean...

133 EXT - STREET CORNER - DAWN 133

The Mercedes screeches around the corner and accelerates toward an AL SHUHADA ROADBLOCK. A personnel carrier with a 50 cal. machine gun stands in their way...
Rexer throws the Mercedes into a 180 degree slide and roars away in the opposite direction. The startled gunmen fire after the retreating car.

134 EXT/INT - MERCEDES - MORNING 134

Bullets RIP into the windshield scattering glass fragments all around...

134 CONTINUED: 134

Suddenly, Rexer's head jerks forward, as he catches a bullet...

The car swerves off the road and flips over, sliding upside down into the side of a gutted building...

Inside Leary checks Rexer. He turns to Hawkins.

LEARY
He's dead.

HAWKINS
Let's get to the ocean.

135 EXT - SLOPE - DAY 135

Hawkins, carrying Curran, and Leary, helping Ramos start down the hill toward the coast. A stretch garbage dumlp lies between them and the beach.

136 EXT - SLOPE - DAY 136

Ben Shaheed angrily stares out over the garbage dump toward the disappearing figures. He curses under his breath and jumps back into his car.

136A INT - SUBMARINE - DAY 136A

Dunne is leaning into the submarine captain's face.

DUNNE
Ten more minutes! That's all I ask.

SUB CAPTAIN
I'm driving a half a billion dollar piece of machinery here. If I hazard this ship and disobey orders then I'm looking right at a court martial.

The captain turns to his first mate.

SUB CAPTAIN
Let's change neighborhoods.

Dunne is crushed.

137 EXT - BEACH - DAY 137

They come over a last ridge and slide down low clay cliffs onto the beach. Hawkins lays Curran down on the sand and collapses next to him.

138 EXT - BEACH - DAY 138

For a moment it seems we are transported to a different world. The sand is shimmering white and the ocean is an iridescent blue-green. The only sounds are the seagulls mixed with the surf. Leary, Ramos, and Hawkins are pulling on their swim fins.

CURRAN
You're not dragging me out there.

HAWKINS
We either die here or die in the water. We might as well make them work.

Hawkins reaches down to pick up Curran.

CURRAN
No. Leave me. I'm dead weight.

HAWKINS
Forget it.

CURRAN
That's an order.

HAWKINS
You're delirious son. And I'm afraid you're not in charge any more.

Hawkins makes a move toward Curran. Curran snatches Hawkins' Khalishnikov and aims it at Hawkins' stomach. Hawkins stops and stares at Curran, a smile slowly forming on his face. Leary and Ramos stand off to the side, worried, unsure of what to do.

HAWKINS
You're not going to save all those Lebanese kids and then kill me - not on the same day.

But Curran's hand holds true.

HAWKINS
I could probably sleep at night if I left you here, but how could I explain it to Claire?

Hawkins motions to Leary.

HAWKINS
O.K. Let's go.

Hawkins calmly reaches down and takes the gun out of Curran's hand.

138 CONTINUED: 138

CURRAN
You bastard.

Suddenly a hail of gunfire kicks up sand around them... Hawkins lifts up Curran and carries him toward the water. Leary grabs the AK-47 to fire back and discovers that the gun is empty. He follows Hawkins, Curran and Ramos through the crashing surf.

The Al Shuhada fighters run down the beach firing after the four SEALs. The choppy sea provides intermittent protection as their bobbing heads disappear behind the swells.

139 EXT - OCEAN - DAY 139

Hawkins swims laboriously holding Curran's head above water as best he can. Leary sticks right by Ramos. When the swells expose them to the beach, they duck under water to escape the bullets - Hawkins pinches Curran's nostrils and covers his mouth...

139A EXT - UNDERWATER - DAY 139A

We can see the white lines of bullets as they lose their velocity.

140 EXT - PIER - DAY 140

Ben Shaheed and two gunmen jump into a speed boat. Pointing their guns at the head of a hapless driver, they order him out of the boat. They speed out toward the open water.

141 EXT - OCEAN - DAY 141

The SEALs struggle to keep moving. Hawkins spots the blast of a rocket propelled grenade.

HAWKINS
RPG!! Down!!

All three plunge as far beneath the surface as they can. When the grenade EXPLODES we see Curran and Hawkins grimace with pain. Blood starts flowing out of their ears and noses.

142 EXT - SPEEDBOAT - DAY 142

The speedboat slows, looking for the SEALs. Suddenly, one of the men points and yells...

142 CONTINUED: 142

In the water, floating on his back, mouth open, face covered with blood is Curran... The speedboat swings alongside of Curran's seemingly lifeless body. Shaheed pokes it with a boat hook...

Suddenly, Curran's eyes pop open and his arm comes up, throwing a grenade into the boat...

One of the gunmen scrambles for the grenade...

On the other side of the boat Hawkins thrusts up from the surface and grabs Shaheed by the back of the neck pulling him down into the water...

Leary drags Curran away from the boat...

Ben Shaheed thrashes to keep his head above water as Hawkins yanks him beneath the surface...

The grenade on the boat EXPLODES setting off a gigantic secondary EXPLOSION as the fuel tanks blow...

UNDERWATER Hawkins and Shaheed struggle. Shaheed is no match for Hawkins...

Shaheed reaches down to his ankle, pulls out a knife and...

PLUNGES it at Hawkins stomach...

Hawkins knocks the knife out of Shaheed's hand...

Grabbing Shaheed by the neck, Hawkins starts diving deeper and deeper still, blood pouring out of his ears, until...

As Shaheed's body goes limp, the last bubbles escape from his lips, and his eyes roll back into his head...

143 EXT - SEA - DAY 143

On the surface Curran, Ramos and Leary wait amidst the debris for Hawkins to appear. Leary shakes his head and points to his watch...

Suddenly, EXPLODING to the surface, GASPING for air is Hawkins.

The camera begins a slow pull back as the four men begin to look like mere specks in the midst of the vast sea.

An eerie quiet until, in the foreground, slowly but steadily an awesome, glistening, BLACK CONNING TOWER of a nuclear submarine breaks through the surface of the water.

As we move in...

144 OMIT 144 OMIT

145 EXT - SEAL COMMAND CENTER - DAY 145

Curran, in dress whites and on crutches, is leaving the Center. With him are Leary and Ramos, who carry his attache case and seabag. They cross the parking lot.

146 EXT - PARKING LOT - DAY 146

Leary opens the door of Curran's jeep and tosses in luggage. Other luggage can be seen inside. Hawkins pulls up next to them in his GTO and gets out.

LEARY
Good luck, sir.

RAMOS
Let us hear from you, huh, sir?

Both men salute and walk away.

HAWKINS
You're really gonna do this?

CURRAN
Yep. Oh, I almost forgot.

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out medal cases.

CURRAN
(continued)
Navy Cross and Purple Heart. Can't do a ceremony for obvious reasons.

Hawkins tosses the boxes in his car.

HAWKINS
Thanks.

CURRAN
Don't thank me. I didn't write you up.

HAWKINS
(smiles)
In a pig's ass.

Curran puts his crutches in the jeep, struggles in himself.

HAWKINS
Pentagon REMF. Can't believe it. Whatta you gonna accomplish there?

146 CONTINUED: 146

CURRAN
I don't know. I been in the shit, so maybe they'll listen when I say guns aren't working.

HAWKINS
Fat chance.

CURRAN
Gotta try.

He starts the jeep.

HAWKINS
You got that beautiful half raghead waiting for you?

Curran smiles at him.

HAWKINS
(continued)
You don't fool me with this Good Neighbor Sam crap. That's the real reason you're goin' to D.C., isn't it?

Curran is pulling away in the jeep.

CURRAN
See you around town.

The jeep drives away. Hawkins waves a quick wave and then speaks quietly.

HAWKINS
Gonna miss you, buddy.

PULLBACK TO:

147 EXT - SCENE - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 147

Hawkins stands on the concrete lot against a b.g. of ships in the bay as Curran's jeep gets smaller and smaller in the distance.

and FADE TO BLACK.